

The TATLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1625.

London
Aug. 17, 1932



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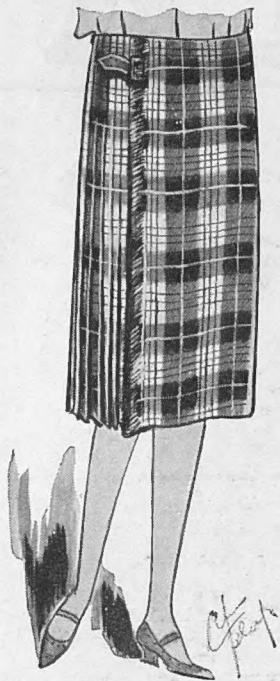
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1625. London, August 17, 1932

POSTAGE: Inland 1d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 1d.; Foreign 3d.

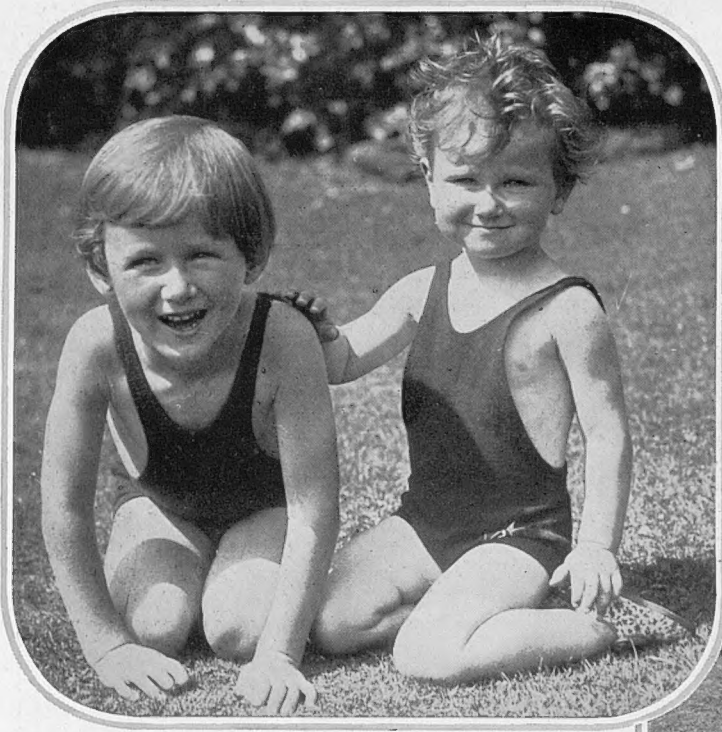
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LADY ELIZABETH PAGET: A RECENT PORTRAIT

Yevonde, Victoria Street

Lady Elizabeth Paget is the second of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's five daughters, and was born during the War, her eldest sister, Lady Alexandra, being born just before it, and her next youngest sister just after it. Lady Winifred Pennoyer and Lady Pembroke are Lord Anglesey's sisters. Lady Anglesey is a sister of the Duke of Rutland



THE CHILDREN OF THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. BETHELL

The Hon. John Bethell, whose little son and daughter are seen taking the air in super-summer suitings, is Lord Bethell's son and heir and was born in 1902, so that when war broke out he was hardly old enough to go to Harrow, where both he and his brother, the Hon. William Bethell, were. The two children are Guy and Jennifer, and the scene of action was Frinton

Swaebe



MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID AND HER SONS

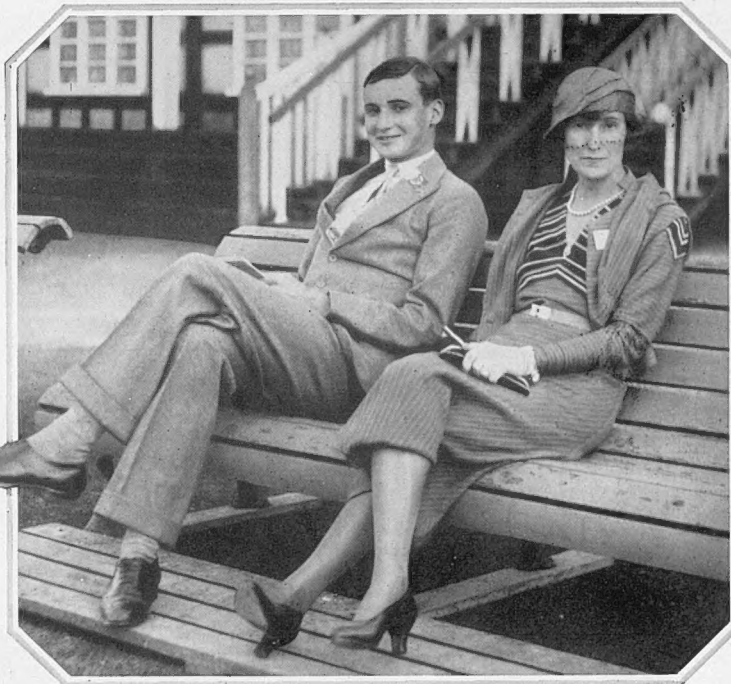
Miss Compton Collier

Another attractive bit of grouping of some of the rising generation. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid was Miss Mary Ashley, and is the younger daughter of the first Lord Mount Temple (Colonel Wilfrid Ashley) and the sister of Lady Louis Mountbatten. She married Captain Alec Cunningham-Reid in 1927

MY DEAR,—I think I was about the last person to leave London. The great evacuation had been carried out slowly but surely during the past week, and I found it the most quiet and peaceful spot imaginable. There seemed no traffic—anybody might cross any street at any time with perfect safety, while even the policeman on point duty yawned as he waved on a solitary taxi down the desert of Piccadilly. Whole families had gone, leaving behind them only the son or father who has work in the City. They, poor dears, are left behind with the caretaker and the kitchen cat. All along the road, where the sign-posts bear that inspiring inscription, "To the North," there was a continual stream of traffic—Baby Austins, laden with luggage (including the canary in its cage strapped on to the spare wheel), motorcyclists with their girl bumping on the pillion, Rolls-Royces, and anything on wheels was making its way along the North Road.

* * *

Now that the King and Queen will soon be at Balmoral, the houses on Dee-side will from now on be filling up. The Ponsonbys will be up at Birk Hall. Sir Derek and Lady Keppel will once again have Abergeldie Mains, and Lord and Lady Shaftesbury will spend some time at Abergeldie. Sir Clive and Lady Wigram will go to



Poole, Dublin

IN "THE PHAYNIX," LORD GORMANSTON AND HIS MOTHER, LADY GORMANSTON

Everything connected with sport near Dublin (bar fox-hunting) happens in that beautiful Phoenix Park—and as to fox-hunting the Ward and the Meath don't meet too far off. Lady Gormanston is a daughter of Lady Butler, that famous artist who painted "The Roll Call," the Crimea picture, after Inkerman, and Lord Gormanston, Ireland's premier Viscount, succeeded in 1925

Craigangowan, and, imagine it, the strawberries and raspberries will still be ripe and going strong.

Lord and Lady Glentanar had a party at Glentanar for the twelfth, and the Dowager Lady Glentanar always has a lot of young people at Craigendinnie for her grandchildren, Lord Mornington and Lady Anne Wellesley.

One of the quaintest houses nearby is Craigievar, the old castle which belongs to the Sempills; it seems to rise straight up in the air as if it had been built with cards; the front door is the only entrance to the castle; the hall has an old pipers' gallery. And the ghosts are so numerous and so sociable that if you whistle for them in the woods you soon hear the galloping hoofs of the horses bringing the clansmen down the hill. (I cannot vouch for this, it is merely what I am told!)

* * *

On the East Coast golfers have been having most uncomfortable experiences lately—I hear Major Marriott is very much better. He was one of the three who were struck by lightning in a recent storm. And Mr. Vanneck, Lord Huntingfield's brother, was very bad indeed, but it is hoped that he will recover very soon.

* * *

Though certain parts of France and Austria have claimed that handful of inveterate cosmopolitans who must always be on the move,

I think that patriotism and depleted bank accounts are keeping most of the inhabitants of this country at home this year. Le Touquet, for instance, is not as full as usual. The terraces and restaurants of its vast hotels show little sign of life though the weather there has been quite glorious. Blue skies and a Mediterranean sea by day. And glorious sunsets over an expanse of almond green. In my ignorance, I had always imagined that Le Touquet faced due north whereas it looks toward the west and south.

The visitors there are in the proportion of about nine French to one English. But there is a little more liveliness among the English at week-ends, for dozens of people now fly over for a crowded forty-eight hours of golf and gambling. Lord and Lady Cowdray have been there for the polo and Lord Grimthorpe flew from the South of France, while a handful of others included the Cheshams, Mrs. Mills, and Miss Durell Sale-Barker who arrived in her own machine to spend a week with Baroness de Belabre, who has taken one of Le Touquet's most attractive villas facing the sea.

Unless one happened to know it, one would never suspect Miss Sale-Barker of being both an intrepid flier and one of the very best skiers of her sex. For with her tall willowy figure and her head of golden curls, she is typical of feminine charm and feminine attractiveness in the best sense of



W. Dennis Moss
A CIRENCESTER
WEDDING: MR. AND
MRS. CHRISTOPHER
FOYLE-FAWCETT

The wedding was at Latton Church, Cirencester, and the bride was Miss Fetherstonhaugh, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, and the bridegroom Captain Foyle-Fawcett's son. There were six bridesmaids, and the best man was Mr. Edward Collingwood



AT MOUGINS: LADY ROTHERMERE AND
MRS. LLOYD OSBOURNE

A tea-time snapshot at Lord and Lady Rothermere's villa, Domaine de Pibonson, at Mougins, on the Riviera. Lady Rothermere was Miss Mary Lilian Share when she married her famous husband in 1893. Lord Rothermere was raised to the peerage in 1914. Two of Lord and Lady Rothermere's sons were killed in the War



SIR ROBERT AND LADY RENWICK AT THE
SHAFTESBURY FIRST NIGHT

"Orders are Orders," an amusing little farce all about soldiers and cinema toughs, had a good reception from a packed house on its first night at the Shaftesbury. Sir Robert Renwick, who is the second baronet, has his seat at Newminster Abbey, Morpeth

those much abused words. She and her friend, Miss Yolande de Belabre, wear the prettiest beach pyjamas at Paris-Plage, and are well on the way to achieving that much desired golden brown.

However, they are still many shades behind the rich tan of Suzanne Lenglen who was drawing crowds to the tennis courts last week when she played an exhibition match against Christian Boussus. She seemed to have lost none of her old magic, and at the Casino the night before she looked very smart in a white frock which was wonderfully becoming to that brown skin. Meg Lemonnier too, the film star, has achieved a most enviable colour. She had come down from Joinville with the Paramount people to shoot some scenes for *La Faible Femme* in which she is playing the name part.

However, as I started this letter by saying that most people are staying at home this year, I must try and prove it before wandering off again.

In Yorkshire, Lord and Lady Holden will be entertaining their usual big party for York races next week. Lord Holden has one son, Angus, by his first marriage, and one daughter, Donna Diana, by his second wife, who was formerly Miss Edith Judd. Wiganthorpe, the big Adams house which they bought from one of the Fitzwilliams some years ago, is a lovely place standing high about thirty miles out of York. Miss Diana Holden, who will be a débutante in a year or two, is a pretty girl whose one great passion is hunting, and she goes extremely well.

Sir Mathew and Lady Wilson are spending the next few months in Norfolk, at Breccles Hall, which belongs to Mrs. Montague. They go there every summer and live the rest of the year at their London house in Cadogan Gardens.

Everyone knows, of course, that Lady Wilson is a daughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale and a sister of Lady Westmorland. But not many people, other than her friends, realize that she is a wonderful linguist, a brilliant talker and a clever writer. She has handed on her brains to her three sons. For the eldest is artistic and a real authority on films; the second, who was in the Air Force, is scientific; and the youngest, who has been studying German out in Hamburg, has just passed very well into New College, Oxford.

Norfolk looks like being well populated during August, for Lady Stracey is at Rackheath until the end of the month, the Kimberleys are at the family seat near Wymondham, and the Raymond Boileaus are also spending the rest of this month at Ketteringham Park, their beautiful place five or six miles out of Norwich. Colonel Boileau, who ranks among the really good shots in this country,

(Continued overleaf.)



AT THE OSMASTON MANOR POLO WEEK

Howard Barrett

Sir Ian Walker's invitation polo tournament at Osmaston is always one of the pleasantest fixtures in the polo year, and it happened this year under the best possible auspices because Sir Ian Walker's Osmaston team came out top in the London season, winning both the Championship and the Coronation Cups. In this group of the big house-party, which Lady Walker, Sir Ian Walker's mother, entertained for the week, are: The hostess, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. D. C. Boles, who are relations, Mr. Peter Paget, Lady Alice Scott, Lord Sefton, Lady Mary Grey, Mrs. A. Smith-Bingham, Count J. De Pret, Mr. C. Smith-Bingham, Mr. A. Smith-Bingham, Mr. Lopes (Greys), Captain J. N. Bailey, Major S. C. Deed, Mr. D. Schreiber, Mr. R. H. A. G. Calthorpe, Mr. G. R. Trotter, Captain R. B. B. B. Cooke, Mr. N. Dugdale, Mr. E. Dugdale, Mr. Mackeson, Lady Bridget King-Tenison, Miss Schreiber, the Hon. Esmé Glyn, Miss Lopes, Madame C. de Bosdari, Sir Ian Walker, Colonel Leonard Hardy, Mrs. W. H. Whitbread, and Mr. C. Brocklehurst.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

is recovering from a small operation which was performed about the middle of last month, and Mrs. Boileau is very busy finishing her new novel, "Turnip Tops," which is due in the publisher's hands in a few weeks. Next month they propose to go to Scotland.

Half the world will soon be moving north. The Glenconners are at Glen, which is unlet this year, and the Linlithgows are spending the rest of the summer at Hopetoun, where they have been making great modern improvements in the house. Lord Linlithgow has some shooting further north, where he and his twin sons go a little later on. Many of the big places remain unlet this year, so there will be much picnicking in corners of half-shut up houses; Lord Strathmore is closing part of Glamis, while farther south Mr. Clare Vyner has actually pulled down one wing of Studley Royal, the fine eighteenth-century house where he and his wife, the former Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, have often entertained the Duke and Duchess of York. They now use the back door as the front entrance, having skilfully rebuilt it, and find the whole rearrangement a great economy.

I hear that Mr. Jack Crawshaw, nephew of Lady Leslie, and Mrs. Murray Guthrie may once more take the latter's lovely place, Torosay Castle, on the Isle of Mull. This beautiful house, which stands by the sea overlooking the Sound of Mull, used to be known as Duart Castle. But when the McClean at a great age returned to his own and partly rebuilt and restored old Duart Castle, which stands on the other side of the bay, Mrs. Murray Guthrie voluntarily resigned the name and rechristened her house. This was in order that the great gathering of the clan McClean, which took place some years ago, might meet, in perfect surroundings, on the site of the old stronghold of the McClean chiefs and under the walls of the old Duart Castle that had housed them for so many hundreds of years.

Preparations have already begun for the various gatherings next month. From the East coast comes news of great excitement at Aboyne, Ballater, and Braemar. At Aboyne, Lord Huntly reigns supreme and is still the best-looking and best turned-out Highlander in the district in spite of his more than seventy years! He is, as you probably remember, a brother of Lady Lonsdale, whom he much resembles in build, both having the slim, tall figure and erect carriage that make the wearing of the tartan both a grateful and graceful business. Lord Huntly married Mrs. Campbell some years ago. Despite her Scottish

name she hailed from the States, but she has identified herself very much with the life of Aberdeenshire, and her son is an ardent dancer of the reels, one of his partners being Miss Jessamine Gordon, niece of Lord Aberdeen and Temair who, in spite of her great height, is as keen and excellent a Highland dancer as one could find.

August isn't usually a month when many engagements are announced, however productive it may be of such romantic decisions. But two interesting ones have been given out already. Miss Alvide Bridges is to marry Lord Chaplin's son, and Miss Mary Martin Smith is going to marry Mr. Dennis Hill-Wood. Miss Bridges is dark and slender, and inherits good looks, charm, and brains from both her parents, Sir Tom and Lady Bridges.

Miss Martin Smith, the eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Everard Martin Smith's three daughters, is small and dark with vivid colouring and a most attractive, vivacious face. Like all her family, she is very good at golf, and, also like them, she is very keen on racing, rarely missing any meeting at Newmarket or any of the courses in the south. The family, which consists of a brother, Eric, last year's amateur golf champion, and two other sisters, Paddy and Celia, live at Codicote Lodge in Hertfordshire, which is handy both for golf and racing.

Another engagement which will interest a great many people is the one that has just been announced between Captain Gelston and Mrs. Scott. Captain Gelston, who had many years service in India, is the popular secretary of Brighton's best golf course. And Mrs. Scott is the popular lady bookie who, during the last year or so, has come to challenge the unique position which Mrs. Vernet enjoyed for so very many years. When she is not working Mrs. Scott's favourite recreations are driving fast cars and long distance swimming.

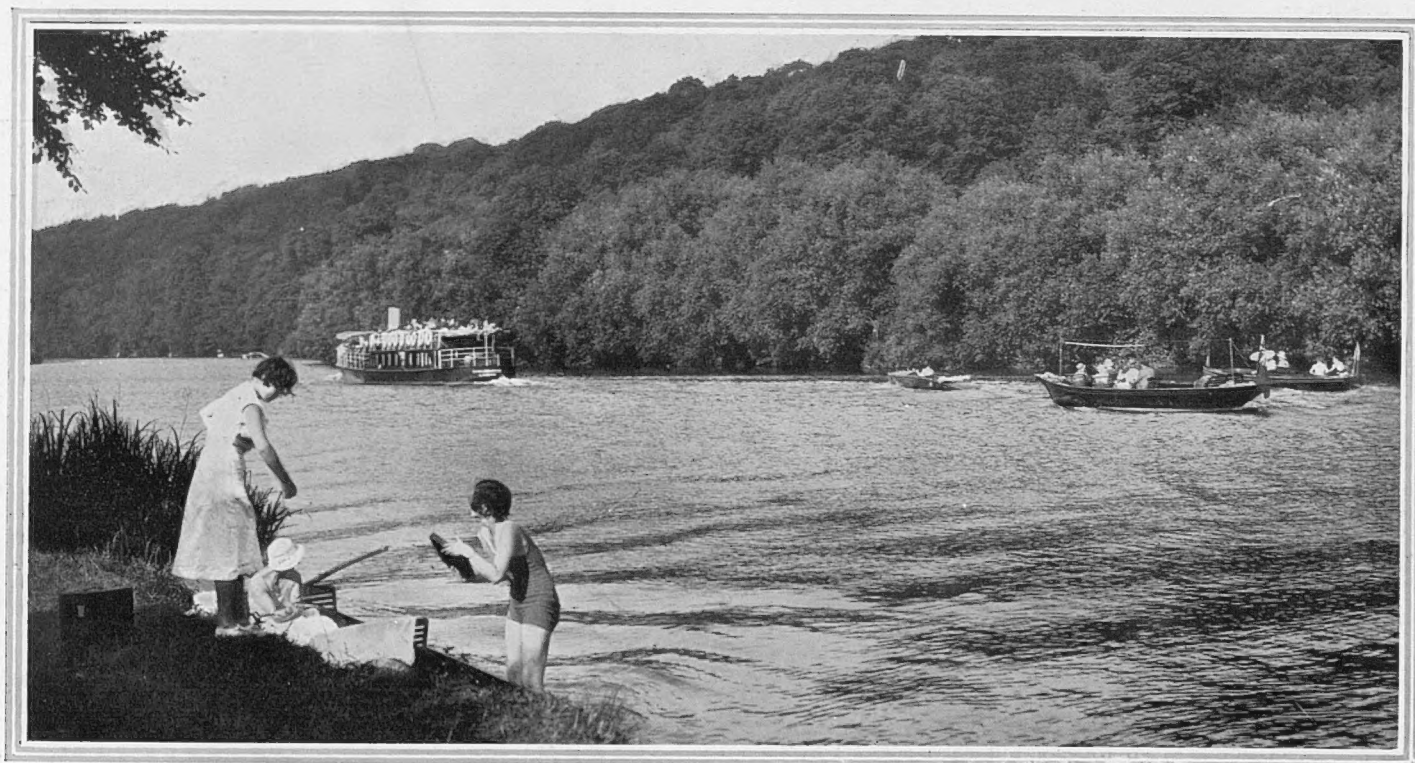
Cannes and Antibes appear, by all accounts, to be two of the few really gay places in France. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Burton have a big party at their palatial place near Mougins; and the Fred Lewisohns have a continual flow of guests, among them Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, at the Corne d'Or. Miss Maxine Elliott's bathing parties are one of the daily events of the place. She has a waterchute right down into the sea, and her lucky guests lunch after their swim in the most adorable tiled out-of-door bar.

Lady Pearson went out a few days ago to stay with Miss Elliott, and others who have lately arrived are Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux and Captain and Mrs. Dennis Larking, who have a small but very hospitable villa of their own.—Yours ever, EVE.



"CALM SANCTUARY AFTER THE POUNDING SEAS": FISHING BOATS IN HARBOUR AT MEVAGISSEY, ONE OF CORNWALL'S MANY BEAUTY SPOTS

Gilbert Adams



"THE SUN HOLDS ALL THE EARTH AND ALL THE SKY FROM THE GOLD THRONE OF THIS MIDSUMMER DAY": LOVELY CLIVEDEN REACH DURING THE HEAT WAVE



CLIVE BROOK AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT

They are both in "The Man From Yesterday" talkie, but this is not one of the scenes. It is all about a British officer badly gassed in the war, whose wife hears that he is dead and is nearly, but not quite, captured by the almost inevitable *tertium quid*

not New York, there would probably be an action for libel, since the "hero" is a first-class crook until the last few moments of the film.

Warren Williams plays the part of Vincent Day, and plays it with great skill, being entirely convincing as a rogue who nevertheless succeeds in being at heart a decent fellow.

The said Vincent Day is District-Attorney, in which capacity he secures the conviction of a young man accused of murder, and "sends him to the chair." He is innocent and the real murderer confesses just too late to stop the execution—a moment of horrible suspense this—and the miscarriage of justice, of which he has been the instrument, so preys on Vincent Day's mind that he swears he will never prosecute again, throws up his job, and takes to defending gangsters, hoodlums, and other obvious crooks for whom his talents secure spectacular acquittals.

Nor is it only in his work that he deliberately goes wrong; wine—or what passes for it in the U.S.A.—and women complete his moral downfall. He "becomes interested" in a new stenographer in his office, Celia Faraday (played by Sidney Fox), but she quietly and successfully resists his advances, shames him into realization of the rottenness of his means of livelihood, and leaves his employ to marry the young man she loves who is employed as a bank messenger.

On the eve of their marriage the young man is held up and robbed, and then arrested on suspicion of complicity in the hold-up. Celia rushes to Vincent for help; he discovers that the crook responsible for the robbery is a man whose acquittal he had secured in the past. He goes to him and asks him in return not to allow the boy to go to gaol, but such appeals in such society fall on deaf ears.

He gets the boy off by revealing the real criminal, but his chivalry is fatal to himself; having double-crossed his *clientèle* he ends—and the film with him—with the inevitable machine-gun bullet.

THE CINEMA : By LENZ

IT takes a really good film to get me into a cinema during a heat wave such as we were (and I hope still are when these notes appear in print) experiencing when I saw the films which I am about to recommend to your patronage.

Fortunately two of the pictures to be reviewed can honestly be said to come into the first-class category, though both are on somewhat the same type of theme—the crookedness of justice in America, which theme appears to provide Hollywood with most of its plots. Perhaps British films will improve as English justice becomes contaminated with American methods, a thing which is bound to occur if we are to believe those scare-mongers who attribute 90 per cent. of crime to-day in this country to "the dangerous and pernicious influence of the films."

The Mouthpiece at the Regal, Marble Arch, is said to be based upon the life of a famous New York legal character. If this is so and the character in question is still alive, and if this were England,

A dry *précis* of the story may rouse your interest, or it may do the opposite. I sincerely trust that the former will be the case, and that you will be induced thereby to go and see this excellent and exciting film.

A character whom I have omitted from the story, but who is really the heroine and star of the picture, is Vincent Day's secretary, who is so much more than secretary, and without her guiding and helping hand he would not last a week. This part is most admirably played by Aline MacMahon, one of those first-class, hard-working actresses with whose names we seldom become familiar, but whom we recognise as old friends the moment they appear on the screen.

Justice for Sale, at the Empire, is almost as good and quite as exciting, and I hope also a libel in general upon the state of justice in America.

The story tells of the net of intrigue and injustice which encircles a young taxi-driver and his wife when they innocently become involved in the private life of a well-known magistrate, who is also a crooked and venal judge.

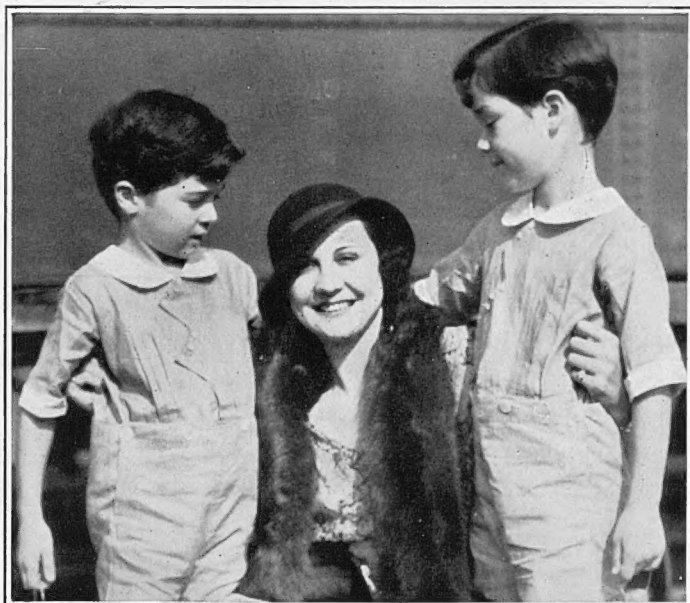
Because this taxi-driver's wife happens to come upon evidence of the judge's misdemeanours she is sent to gaol on a trumped-up charge. Her husband, suspecting the truth, and determined to expose the judge, discovers the latter's implication in a murder charge, and uses this information to force a confession from the judge relative to his wife's unjust imprisonment.

Walter Huston plays the judge, and again demonstrates what a versatile and brilliant actor he is. Phillips Holmes is the taxi-driver and Anita Page his wife.

I did not think I could endure yet another film about *Darkest Africa*, but I was surprised to find that I can and did. *Congorilla*, at the Marble Arch Pavilion, is another of these wild-life films, made by those indefatigable big-game hunters, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. My enjoyment of such films depends very largely on how little killing there is, knowing, as one does, that a great deal of the so-called genuine fights between lions and zebras, etc., have been staged against a pseudo-African background in Californian zoos, and must have involved atrocious cruelty to the miserable victims. *Congorilla* is said to be all bonâ-fide African filming—and I could spot no reason to doubt it—and throughout the film that I saw only one rhinoceros was killed.

Much of the material is familiar, but where the Johnsons have broken new ground is in bringing to the screen hordes of pygmies and some very interesting shots of gorillas, two of which they captured and took back to the San Diego Zoo, where I trust they will be allowed to live in peace and not made to die to provide us with a form of entertainment we ought all to ban.

I can recommend *Congorilla*—a little drawn-out, perhaps, but on the whole a very interesting addition to African films.



TOMMY AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND LITA GREY CHAPLIN, THEIR MOTHER

Both Charlie Chaplin's and Lita Grey's little sons will have begun work on their first movie by the time this snap sees the light of day. The picture was taken in Los Angeles, whither Mrs. Chaplin had returned after a thirty weeks' stage tour



SPORTING AND SOCIAL NEWS

As Recorded by
the Busy Camera



CUBBING STARTS IN THE NORTH

Mr. J. C. Fenwick, with Lord Hugh Percy, at Rugby Farm near Alnwick, for a cub-hunting meet of the Percy Hounds held at 6.30 a.m. Mr. A. Hall-Watt hunts this pack for the Duchess of Northumberland, and Mr. Fenwick is Field Master. Lord Hugh Percy succeeded the Hon. Charles Wood as Master of the Eton Beagles



Howard Barrett
LADY CHARLES BENTINCK AND MR. C. B. WREY

Two of the supporters of the Epperstone and Oxton Garden Fête, held recently at Oxton Hall in aid of local nursing funds. The stalls were particularly well-stocked with serviceable goods, and Lady Charles Bentinck, who is Mr. Roger Wethered's mother-in-law, was immensely pleased with her purchase of a wicker garden barrow. Mr. Wrey married Miss Ruth Bowden, Sir Harold Bowden's only daughter, in June



G. W. Day
PRINCE PAUL OF GREECE, MISS HORLICK,
AND MISS ELIZABETH DARELL UP NORTH

WHADDON CHASERS

Captain Starling and Mr. G. Boyd Thomson, the popular secretary to the Whaddon Chase, at a children's gymkhana organized by this Hunt's Branch of the Pony Club. It was held at The Abbey, Aston Abbots, and there was a big muster of young competitors

The snapshot on the left comes from the North Berwick Golf Course, where waiting is all in the game at this time of year. Miss Horlick had brought Prince Paul of Greece and Miss Darell over from Greywalls, Gullane, where Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick are having their usual series of large house parties

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

ALLY PALLY and Sandown having only just got me out over Goodwood, the fact that it was essential to get "me 'oliday money" induced me to go to Brighton, a "venue" where contests take place over country more suitable for a lakeland hound trail. For nearly the same price as three days' racing at York one is privileged for one day to scrap to be among the first dozen on to the stand, these lucky few being the only ones who can see the start and the finish of the struggles. As I had a bet on each race I never saw one race all day, but having gone there for sordid, mercenary purposes, and not with any idea of the sport of kings or improving our unrivalled breed of horses, the achievement of my object was sufficient. Concerto was beat through the course being unsuitable and the going not nearly hard enough for him. He wants a galloping course made of agate to show his true form, but Crumpets who beat him did so decisively and is smart.

The "bumpers" race provided a "turn up," for though Yu Shan had the better form he was strongly fielded against in the ring, but won with a great deal in hand.

Most of the better-class horses are now given a rest and a "fresh up" till York and Doncaster, and the same thing applies to owners, trainers, and even journalists if they can get away. The "fresh up" to the horse is what the "cure" is to the man, and for those who have never done one the following may be of interest. The efficiency of a cure is very largely a matter of mentality. The doctor says "you should go and do a cure and you'll come back as right as rain," and the advice is taken without question. No explanation is asked why a hot shower and a massage at the Hamman isn't as good as the same thing in the middle of Germany, nor why the water, which can be procured of any chemist, and the diet should not be equally efficacious in Balham as in Baden. Faith, however, and the impossibility of living on a diet and going to bed in daylight in the home circle have a lot to do with it. The procedure in the milder cures is as follows: The doctor at the spa, after making a thorough examination of your case, makes you out a curriculum of diet,

baths, and massage, which you find out later is identical with the one given to the man with rheumatism, the lady with fallen arches, and the martyrs to ingrowing toenails, thrush, the shingles, and all the complaints as advertised in the Sunday papers. On entering the baths you are greeted with the homely, sulphurous smell of a kennel of hounds in mange dressing; this odour emanating from the piping hot shower under which you are to stand for ten minutes. At the end of this time two men as big and strong as heavy-weight sparring partners set about you much in the same way as American detectives handle one of Capone's plug

uglies whom they wish to make "squeak." At the end of this performance you are in the same state as a funking horse in the paddock at a hot Epsom, and in this state you are wrapped in hot clothes and bundled into a closed palanquin borne by a couple of short-legged, buttly porters, who carry you home and put you to bed. It doesn't need any great stretch of imagination to guess that the hardest part of the cure comes after getting up again, for having been melted for twenty minutes in the bath, and for another half-hour in bed in the middle of August, a craving for about a fathom of frozen alcohol sets in with an insistence that even Mr. Turvey's treatment would be hard set to cure. To make it worse, at a rough estimate 80 per cent. of the buildings in a French town are bars, estaminets, cafés, debits de boissons or hotels, though how the odd 20 per cent. drinking classes keep them all going is a mystery. The glass of spring water ordered by the régime doesn't seem to have anything like the same attraction as the forbidden alcohol, and in consequence one hears all around one in every language the old, old motto, "One can't hurt us," as the group sneak guiltily into a bar.

The fact remains that faith, coupled with rising and going to bed early and a modicum of diet, does work wonders, and men who arrive yellow, heavy-eyed, and listless, return home after three weeks ruddy and lusty, and it will probably take them nearly another fortnight to get "pale and putrid" again. It must be said that the atmosphere of a foreign watering-place is nevertheless quite gay, and as a rule there is no air of gloom so heavy that only those who are forced to do so by serious illness go. Gloom, coupled generally with incessant rain, is enough to make the fittest man ill, and the sole topic of conversation frequently devolves into the recital of mutual sufferings, a form of "shop" even worse than undiluted racing.



MR. HARRY POWNEY

An impression caught by "The Tout" at a recent meeting. Mr. Harry Powney's training quarters are at Durrington, Wilts. He is one of the famous family of trainers who have been on the turf since 1846. Harry Powney—in the past—has ridden winners under N.H. Rules. One of his, "Latest Joke," has been hard at work this season, but not with a lot of success



APRIL THE FIFTH FOR SEPTEMBER ?
TOM WALLS SAYS "PERHAPS!"

In the meanwhile he has been swimming the Derby winner in the sea off Selsey, the best way when the ground is too hard to risk one with a leg. Miracle, Lord Rosebery's colt, it is to be feared, is a hopeless case as it is a back tendon, but there is just a chance of getting April the Fifth to the post



WATCHING CRICKET AT ST. BOSWELLS

Walter Brydon

Left to right: Miss Jean Scott, Mr. Gerald Grosvenor, Lady Alexandra Haig, Mr. Wolfe-Murray, Miss Marjorie Scott and her cousin Lady Angela Scott in a good position for seeing how they run. The occasion was a match between officers of the 9th Lancers and members of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt. Mr. Gerald Grosvenor, who is in the 9th, is Lady Mabel Hamilton-Stubber's son. Miss Jean Scott and her sister Marjorie are the twin daughters of Lord George Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's brother



LORD SOUTHESK, MISS LYALL, AND SIR LANCELOT CARNEGIE ALSO CONCERNED WITH CRICKET

This picture was taken at Strathmore Park in Forfarshire, when an XI captained by Lord Southesk's son, Lord Carnegie, played the Strathmore team. Sir Lancelot Carnegie, Lord Southesk's half-brother, is the noted diplomat. Lady Mary Carnegie (see extreme right) was also present at this match with Lord Remnant's daughter-in-law. Sir Maurice Hankey (right), who combines the important offices of Secretary to the Cabinet and Clerk to the Privy Council, has been sharing the Prime Minister's holiday at Lossiemouth, golf and bathing being two activities he indulged in



AT LOSSIEMOUTH: SIR MAURICE HANKEY



THE HON. MRS. REMNANT AND LADY MARY CARNEGIE AT STRATHMORE

MISS ANITA LESLIE *Poole, Dublin*

The attractive débutante daughter of Mr. Shane Leslie, the author. Miss Leslie is full of enterprise, and realized one of her ambitions when she was "shot" in the ball-room scene of "Jack's the Boy," Jack Hulbert's latest film

apart from what I will call the nauseating percentage—that is the people who, wherever they are, create trouble, make everything vulgar, hideous, and strident—there yet remain those disturbing factors in human nature which come from boredom and its attendant evils. And it is no good assuring us that when we are all busy we shall all be good. There come moments when we loathe being busy for the sake of being busy; moments when unless something new and strange happens to us we go out to set fire to a hayrick, or slander our neighbours, or throw a brick either at a passing stranger or, internationally, at our neighbours across the frontier. I sometimes think that the reason why indifferent husbands often have such loving wives is that, whatever may be said against wickedness, no one can ever say that it is monotonous. In the same way wives, whom justice and logic would kick down the back stairs, often pass through life never once lacking a cushion upon which to sit comfortably the while they spit fire. This recurrent dislike of sameness, this starvation for something to happen, is going to make Utopia very difficult to achieve. The world is pretty evenly divided into people who are always up against other people, and these same other people fighting for the right to have a bit of peace in their time, O Lord. This apparently incurable need to quarrel, to condemn, to make life unsettled and miserable, and to achieve power at all cost is going to make the foundation of any new earth not much more than a museum specimen. One knows it in one's own life. How often, when the waters are running smoothly, do we not deliberately try the experiment of damming the stream or kicking our legs about in it to make a glorious splash just for the sake of excitement? Something in the soul or in the less spiritual part of the human ego refuses to go on for long wisely, calmly, its face turned

Monotony-breakers.

IN all the dream-pictures of Utopia the idealists invariably seem to ignore human nature, especially in its less ideal aspects. In these visions of a new earth we are all such heroes. So earnest, so inspired, so joyful! So fervent in our admiration of fine things that the angels themselves would feel quite at home with us. Heroes, of course, are never any trouble. Unfortunately,

only towards the loveliness which endures. No, the alternating and insatiable desire to heave a brick will always prevent life from reaching that still and beautiful perfection which will be without warfare and without persecution, and without so many of these laws, seemingly for the sake of, not only self-defence, but especially for the sake of having some form of interference on the statute. Give most people the opportunity to do exactly what they like, and they haven't the faintest idea what to do about it. So they go out and seek what they call excitement and a good time, and always that excitement and a good time end as a brawl, more or less. Anything, in fact, to break that feeling of monotony in a peaceful life which is God's curse to the unimaginative. And so a murder is more news than a sermon, and where ten thousand will go to watch a football match not a decimal 2 per cent. will go to see a beautiful picture. And a dog fight will always have its adherents, and any fool on a tub will find disciples if only he bawl loud enough. If life doesn't give us some form of rumpus, we find or we make it for ourselves. Reformers must realize this if they do not wish to die of heart-break. For example, I must confess I had to laugh the other day when I read of that infuriated priest in Paris who, seeing a bookstall filled with volumes which he thought people ought not to read, upset the stall, and preached a vehement sermon on the wages of sin while trampling on the offending volumes. Whereupon, and after he had finished, every book was bought up at enhanced prices! You have only got to forbid a thing and immediately you have created that excitement without which human nature can't go two minutes without seeking. Half the so-called sins of this world are created by the so-called saints. Look with what indifference the churches are now regarded since Hell has apparently ceased to function? For something disturbing human nature *must* have, and if the everyday seems unlikely to bring it about, then people will go out to find it for themselves. For, if the truth be faced, among the nauseating percentage, wars and riots, ill-will and quarrelling are *popular*. They are the kind of thrill which their egoism and unimaginativeness respond to, since they are but a reflection of their inner selves. It is not the majority but always the few who spoil life in all its aspects for the rest of us. But alas! we are all tainted, being human, with the same blemish. People will always gladly pay extra to visit the Chamber of Horrors, whereas if some beauty spot be reserved they resent even the smallest payment to see it. It is as if no scenic beauty could possibly be worth more than a picnic. We do not yearn after an earthquake, but we do enjoy a tremor. And so, just as in the midst of a joyful holiday crowd there is invariably a handful of depressing people waving banners warning holiday-makers that the Wages of Sin is Death and that the Judgment Day is at Hand, so I can visualize quite a large number of happy people taking with them into peaceful gardens Mr. Dashiell Hammett's "Modern Tales of Horror" (Gollancz. 5s.) and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Most of these tales will create a delicious tremor. Personally, I was not so happily horror-struck as I had hoped to be. Rather like the comedian who sets out earnestly to be funny, and so, of course, fails somewhat, so the writers who sit down to terrify us only seem to succeed with luck. Neither in humour nor in horror should one perceive the machinery. Nevertheless, Mr. Hammett has made a good selection. The one I like the best, however, which is to say that it is the one which gave my mind more than a passing tremor, was "The Kill," by Peter Fleming. It is the story of a young man sitting one night in the waiting-room in a lonely railway station and telling a grim stranger the story of a werewolf in his uncle's family, and



AT KETTON HALL, STAMFORD

Mrs. Harry Fenwick, Mrs. Bertie Whaley, Mr. Charles Fenwick, and James at Captain Harry Fenwick's home in Lincolnshire. Mrs. Fenwick, a cousin of Sir Granville Ryrie and a wonderful pianiste, is Captain Fenwick's second wife. Mr. Charles Fenwick is her step-son. Mrs. Whaley, who is well-known at Melton, lives at Ashwell and hunts with the Cottesmore

(Continued on p. 272)

A PEERLESS WIT

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



First Lady: It sez 'ere, Mrs. Green, the slump has sobered finance
Second Lady: And yet money seems very tight, Mrs. Smith

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

how people born with their third finger longer than their second become such murderous monsters. And then, at the end of the story and in the awful silence of the deserted station, the eyes of the grim stranger suddenly blaze with a hard and purposeful delight . . . saliva dangling from the corner of his mouth. "Very slowly he lifted one hand and removed his bowler hat. Of the fingers crooked about its brim, the young man saw that the third finger was longer than the second." Yes, that story is in the true tradition of horror. It does not stand alone in the book, though none of them, in my opinion, quite achieve so successfully what the writers had set out to do. Still, if you love mental tremors, mostly of the first order, get hold of these modern tales of horror.

A Good Novel.

Few things are more surprising in life than the discovery of your true friends—I mean when friendship is essential to you, either in encouragement or in hope or in practical help. Almost everybody is loving towards you when you are feeding them well and giving them a good time. Always providing you are amusing, thousands of people will welcome you with open arms. If only you have something to give, nobody lacks a circle. But this is not what I meant when I wrote that the discovery of your real friends in life is one of life's greatest surprises. Often

one of its greatest humiliations, too! For it is when fate gives us one of those horrid bumps and knocks for which fate is famous that the most unexpected people come to your succour; alternatively, just the people you expect to come forward hold back from you then, giving themselves a dozen good reasons for doing so. Which, perhaps, is one of the benefits of bumps and knocks. They do show up your immediate circle. And

thus, sometimes, a comparative stranger will prove your friend when in need of friendship, while those you have entertained for years merely send flowers, or telephone, or drop you altogether. A nasty shock, but nevertheless a helpful one. For it should make you nicer to everyone, since henceforward you may never know from which direction may come just that love and helpfulness which may quite easily save you from despair one day. Edgar Pilkington, the hero of Wardle Taylor's "He Fell Among Friends" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)—an exceptionally good first novel—found this out as a young man; which is perhaps the best age in which to face reality as apart from the more pleasant make-believes. He had fallen a victim to the recent tragic slump in the Lancashire cotton industry. Moreover, he was one of those sad cases—so prevalent in this age of machinery—who knows something of one job, or a part of it, and nothing of anything else. So everybody wished him luck, and nobody could help him. Moreover, he was a thinker without much real experience. It is better to be a robot, unless you are possessed of that flair which can mould life, rather than be moulded by it. His wife Netta was of more fortunate quality. Being a good amateur actress, she went on the stage, and, this being a novel, it was just as easy as all that! Meanwhile, Edgar drifted until he became more or less a tramp. Nevertheless, as he tramped so

he discovered his real friends, and these helped him. Meanwhile he made his own inner life miserable, as well as that of his wife, by his gnawing jealousy of the theatrical manager who first gave her a job. It all ends happily, however, but not before I, personally, had come to the conclusion that the first half of the story is by far the best. It concerns Lancashire and life among the cotton workers of a small Lancashire town, a subject which the author apparently knows much about and has something to tell us. Later on, the story becomes almost a distant relative of "The Good Companions," and tells us absolutely nothing. Yet, "He Fell Among Friends" is a good novel, and for a first novel one of real promise.

Easy to Read.

All experience is valuable. Except for money worries, in which the soul touches sordidness, most troubles have their ultimate psychological value. So Miss Ethel Mannin has called her new book of reminiscences, "All Experience" (Jarrolds. 10s. 6d.), because they are part of her life. If you have nothing thrilling to remember you have not so far really lived. As a book "All Experience" is very easy to read. I think it must have been equally pleasant to write. For although the actual writing of it may have required gallons of midnight oil, I can't imagine it required any mental or spiritual sweat. It is

not that kind of book. Nevertheless, it is very readable, interesting, and it leaves a pleasant memory behind it; like a long conversation which has never once touched upon servants; and bodily ailments, mutual friends, relations, and all those other boring topics which can make a short conversation seem so long. Partly it is a book of Continental travel, partly of experiences in England. Thus, for example, we are taken to such places as a



"If anything should happen to me, sir, your daughter will be all right. I'm insured."
 "But suppose nothing does happen to you?"

lunatic asylum, a typical British workhouse, Clapham Junction, Hastings (in the writer's childhood), a typical boarding house, a musical comedy first night, a theatrical audition, a business luncheon, and into a private room where a frustrated luster had to save his masculinity, face to face with a leering waiter, by rumpiing the bed. Miss Mannin's English experiences, however, are mostly depressing (all the same, interesting), and the weather scarcely ever keeps fine for them! Abroad, all is different. The sun shines actually and metaphorically in a Spanish tavern, on a Mallorcan fair, upon the cats in the Trajan Forum and, naturally, on the sun-bathing establishments of Germany. And even when we go inside a door it is to the excitement of a Bar Américain in Paris, a Paris Boîte, and to the exasperating futility of the wealthy in the richer hotels. Perhaps, all the experiences may be superficial ones, but they and their kind are shared in by everybody, and all go to make up the deepening pattern which is life. But few people could describe them so vividly and so entertainingly as Miss Mannin does. She doesn't stay anywhere long enough to get anything more than a passing experience, but she notes every detail of it as she passes. The result is a book the charming intimacy of which passes the time very pleasantly indeed.

A LITTLE SOCIETY GALLERY



Hay Wrightson

THE MARCHESA MARCONI

The Marchesa Marconi's most recent portrait very nearly does the charming original justice. Formerly the Contessa Maria Cristina Bezzi-Scali, she married the world's greatest inventor in 1927. The Marchese and Marchesa have a beautiful villa at Pontecchio, not very far from Rome, and they also spend a good deal of time aboard the S.Y. "Elletra." Lord and Lady Churchill's little girl, whose full style and title is the Hon. Sarah Faith Georgiana Spencer, was born in 1931. Lady Churchill, who was married in 1927, was then Miss Christine McRae. Lord and Lady Burghley's charming child Davina—her father's name being David—was born in 1931. Her mother was Lady Mary Scott, one of the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Almost every man, woman, and child in England has taken any defeat Lord Burghley has met at the Olympic contests at Los Angeles as a personal injury! He is so immensely popular



Marcus Adams

THE VISCOUNTESS CHURCHILL AND HER DAUGHTER SARAH



DAVINA, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY BURGHELEY



THE MISTERTON TEAM AT RUGBY

The names, left to right, are: Mr. R. Balding, Lord Cromwell, Mr. W. Balding, and Mr. H. P. Guinness. The team which beat Weedon (rec. 4½) by 11 to 4½, which is the same thing as saying that Misterton were far too heavy metal to make any real fight possible

IT is perhaps a bit too early at the moment to attempt any analysis of our polo forces available beyond the short survey of the soldier teams we have seen out, and a real good lot the most of them have been. Being a flaming optimist, and believing that the best way to get the best out of anyone is to foster the fighting spirit, I say that I believe much good work has been done this season, and that even though the watchful eyes of those who will have to find a team to take on America in, perhaps, 1934, may not have come to any definite conclusions, the work done has not been time wasted. Two of the people we have seen out pick themselves, both ex-Internationals, Captain Roark and Mr. Humphrey Guinness. In addition to these two I count now on my fingers four possibles, and one more quite worth collecting as early next season as can be arranged. These are people now in England, and available without dipping into India or elsewhere abroad. After some recent adventures nothing would induce me to mention names, so I'm going to play the parrot and sit very tight. Why not a preliminary committee of two—Captain Pat Roark and Mr. Humphrey Guinness? There is available also a very good War Staff of people who have their honourable wounds still hardly healed, and if I had the nerve I would name the C.I.G.S. right now. The only reason I do not is because I happen to know that he would hate me to do it. But the moment "war" becomes imminent it will have to be done.

* * *

Captain Charles Tremayne made an admirable G.O.C.-in-C. of our 1930 operations, and our honourable defeat was no more his fault than it was anyone else's, and his predecessor, Brigadier H. A. Tomkinson, who commanded the Army in India (Hurlingham) team was equally a man with all the necessary qualities of tact and experience. The War Staff on each occasion did its work as well as it was possible for it to be done faced by the tremendous handicaps which it encountered, and it is not open to anyone to say that we have been let down in our overseas operations v. America by either our *personnel* or our *matériel* (ponies). The one thing necessary, as I view it, is a different plan of campaign. We have not won the International Cup since 1914. In that year our team was sent to Madrid for the winter stage of its practice. When it came home and was first tried at Gunnersbury, and later at Hurlingham, it is only right to recall that none of the pundits gave it even an outside chance against the American Big Four, which included the two Waterburys and Dev Milburn. Our team was reorganized, and in the actual event it galloped the Americans off their feet and won brilliantly. Some people may say that this proves nothing. I suggest that

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

we look at the broad facts, which are these: that, bar the Army in India team, none of our subsequent ones have had any winter practice at all. The Army in India team's long association in India, and the fine cohesion which it achieved, were counter-balanced by the length of its lines of communication. It had to come home first, then re-ship to America. Even in face of this, what a thundering fine show it put up!

* * *

What is the English of all this? Does it not tell us that (a) we were right in 1914, and (b) that the main scheme of the Army in India team was right, i.e. winter training, but that the distance was too great? It is in the case of (b) exactly the same as a certain knock-out blow launched from just a bit too long range. The direction was absolutely right, but the elevation was wrong. Being firmly convinced that man for man and pony for pony we are as good and better than our formidable foemen, what is the obvious conclusion which we must draw? Surely this: that we are expecting too much, running things as we do, and that not only must we give more time to laying the foundation stones at home in the season preceding the despatch overseas of any expeditionary force, but that this force must in the

actual year of conflict be given the chance to practise earlier than our climate usually permits. The alternatives seem to me to be strictly limited. Spain might not now be as possible as it was in 1914, when H.M. King Alfonso extended such magnificent hospitality to our team and the crack Spanish players also took such a leading part in giving Major Barrett and his team a chance to play the only polo that was useful. The alternatives then boil down to (1) utilizing the biggest polo centre in the world, the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton, Gloucestershire, for early if not actual winter practice, and (2) shipping our team and its ponies to California or some other centre in America where winter polo can be played, and there are teams available to give our Internationals the only polo worth a darn to them. Merely knocking the ball about is of no use and is just about as serviceable as confining a Grand National or a Derby candidate's work to trotting in the straw yard.

(Continued on p. vi)



IRELAND BEAT ENGLAND

Poole, Dublin

The Irish team which beat England for the Patriotic Cup at the All-Ireland Polo Club in the Phoenix. The names, left to right, are: Major T. W. Kirkwood (an English International of 1924), Major C. H. Gairdner (the ex-Irish International hockey player), Mr. J. McCann (who was in the victorious Irish team of 1921 the last time the Patriotic Cup was played for), and Captain J. D. G. Chaytor, Adjutant 14/20th Hussars

A FAMILY LIKENESS

Lord Redesdale's
pretty daughters



THE HON. NANCY AND THE HON. UNITY MITFORD

Yevonde

Good looks distinguish all the members of Lord and Lady Redesdale's family, which consists of one son and six daughters. The Hon. Nancy Mitford, seen on the right of this double portrait, is the eldest, and completely refutes the theory that brains and beauty are bad companions. Her first attempt at novel-writing produced "Highland Fling," the success of which should certainly encourage her to further literary efforts. The Hon. Unity Mitford, who also possesses the unusual Christian name of Valkyrie, only made her debut this season, and so far has been too busy enjoying life to bother about staking out a claim to fame. She comes fifth in seniority

**MRS. MILLS**

This very chic person is a sister-in-law of Lady Chesham and can be relied upon to make any party "bright," both in clothes and conversation. Mrs. Mills is here seen sea-gazing at Eden Roc, where so many people are to be found just now

WHAT THE SOUTH SEES

Society and King Sol

**THE HON. MOYA BERESFORD**

Lord Decies' younger daughter gets a good view on the sundial in the charming garden of the Hotel Splendide at Aix-les-Bains, where she is enjoying life

Lady Hindlip, who was Miss Bridget Nickols before her marriage, has been on the Riviera some time and proposes staying till the end of the season. She and her husband have a big party at their villa at Cap Ferrat. Pink, a good sun colour, is her favourite choice for beach wear

The snapshot on the right was taken on the huge double-decker raft, which is a new feature in Monte Carlo bathing circles. Mrs. Schlegal is the wife of the Monagasque Lawn Tennis Association's president

**LADY HINDLIP****MISS GLORIA GRIFFITHS AND MADAME PAUL DUBONNET**

Eden Roc provides many engaging spectacles, but none better than the striped pyjamas worn by Miss Griffiths of U.S.A. They are of Basque linen, like the tablecloths in a Biarritz restaurant. Mme. Dubonnet was formerly Mrs. Nash

**MRS. SCHLEGAL AND MRS. SATTERTHWAITE****MISS ELSA GRAVES**

Above is an enchanting young high light of British films, who was in "The Star Reporter," has just finished making a picture in Berlin, and is now holidaying at Cap d'Antibes. Her next port of call will be Elstree. Miss Graves is really nice to watch, and her dress sense is highly original



A PLACE IN THE SUN

Further news
from France



LADY PEELE

Of all the amusing people down South—and there are plenty—Bee Lillie takes the prize. She can make all the cats laugh and is seen in fine form and white pyjamas mounted on one of the Mappin Terraces at Eden Roc

TANNING TIME

Miss Ursula Serocold (left) and Miss Fay Blacket-Gill prone on their orange mattresses at Eden Roc. They are among the latest English arrivals, and very decorative, too. Miss Blacket-Gill's two-seater brought them out



The Broughtons (see below), who were married on June 28, are spending their honeymoon at Monte Carlo, but were photographed at Eden Roc, where they were spending the day. He is in the Blues, and she was the beautiful Miss Diana Fellowes. Her long dark hair gives a mermaid effect, and even when soaked with sea-water is most becoming



CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY BROUGHTON AND BRIDE

In the circle on the right are two pretty American sisters Miss Thekla and Miss Katherine Brumder, enjoying a cigarette with their morning sun-bath on the rocks. They are staying at the Hotel du Cap for the whole of the season, and are a particularly popular pair of amphibian Antibians

MRS. ABEL SMITH AND MRS. SEELY

Mrs. Dudley Ward's sister, Mrs. James Seely, is staying at Monte Carlo Beach, but was lured to Antibes for the day by Mrs. Abel Smith, who is at the Cap



THE MISSES BRUMDER, FROM U.S.A



MRS. J. NORMAN WALKER

At the Palm Beach Casino, near Cannes, where she and her husband are holiday-making. Mrs. Walker, who hails from St. Louis, is the attractive wife of the chief Standard Oil representative in Calcutta

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—Just before leaving Paris—for, as you may imagine, I have come down to my beloved Farm-on-the-Island for August—I went to a most amusing party given by Françoise Rosay (whose picture you published on this page a few weeks ago) as a “P.P.C.” to her Parisian friends before her return to Hollywood. It took place on *la péniche du Maréchal Joffre*, the old barge now moored on the Seine just below the Place de la Concorde, where “Papa Joffre” had his headquarters during the anxious days of 1915. His portrait still hangs on the walls of the main cabin, but the barge itself has become a restaurant that can be hired, between meal hours, for parties, and is a very delightful place for all sorts of jollifications.

I am not a film fan and do not collect picture postcards of the celebrities of the silver screen as a rule, but I intensely admire Françoise Rosay, who, to my mind, is worth all the Garbo-Dietrich-Bankhead crowd rolled into one. She is tall, slim, white-haired (her hair lies, in sleek waves, closely about a divinely-shaped head), and eminently distinguished in the way she carries herself and wears her clothes. Also, she speaks English (English, not American), even as you and I. She is, in private life, the wife of Jacques Feyder, the well-known film director, whose *Atlantide*—a silent picture, made as far back as 1922—is, in the opinion of the cognoscenti, as fine as Pabst’s recent version—exception made for the actress who plays the title rôle. Pabst’s heroine, being Brigitte Helm, cannot, of course, be bettered. In 1922, the “merely good-looking” had not yet been doctored into almost supernatural beauty as it is now. Françoise Rosay left the Paris *conservatoire*, just before the War, with a first prize in the Opéra Comique class, and a great career lay before her; only the Feyder babies came along and she preferred her duties as mother to three splendid boys to any glory the footlights could give her. When, however, they became big enough for tutors and school, she went to Hollywood with her husband and played in several silent pictures with success; but it was in her first “talkie”—known to us in France as *Si l’Empereur savait ça*—that she came to her own. All this winter she spent in Paris, singing and acting a leading rôle in a delightful musical play at the Bouffes Parisien, *La Poupinière*. At present she returns to America to fulfil an engagement at Hollywood.

And now, may I “make” my little annual rave about my Island home? Très Cher . . . it really is a heavenly spot! The weather broke the day I left Paris, and I drove down here in a deluge; but somehow the Island catches any spot of sunshine that may be going, and, as I write—sitting on the door-



MLLE. EDWIDGE FEUILLIÈRE

“Priscilla” says: “Now please sit up and take notice—for this is IT, and is going to make stage and film history. Edwidge Feuillière is already a member of the Comédie Française, and its youngest member at that. She is also film-acting for Paramount—and who does she remind you of? Why—our one and only Spi!”



MLLE. FLORELLE

A clever young creature who combines brains, beauty and charm, and who was Henri Garat’s stage partner before they separated and both forsook the footlights for the arclights. Florelle’s first big film hit was as Polly Peachum in Pabst’s version of “The Beggar’s Opera”

step of my single-storeyed cottage—I am basking under blue skies, while, in the far distance, across the water, I can see the mainland grey with rain! I have found all my dear old friends amongst the peasants and the fisher-people . . . and I have made two new ones! Having built an extra little house at the bottom of my land (sounds rich, doesn’t it?), one of the windows of the new building looks out on some pasture-land. Two little donkeys in the field have discovered my weakness where animals are concerned. Morning and night, when I open or close my shutters, they canter up for crusts (cook threatens to give notice if I take any more carrots from the little plot that is grandly known as the kitchen garden), and their loud snorts in the morning beat every kind of alarm clock into . . . whatever is the modern slang for “a cocked hat.”

Another thrill—yes, I find, simple soul that I am, the donkeys thrilling—I have a little sailing boat! At least, I nearly have it! Another coat of paint is in abeyance. It is the merest nothing of a cockle-shell, BUT I have had to take out as many “papers” and licences as if it was a man-o’-war. Imagine my pride in finally obtaining a document that, printed on a rich yellow paper, bordered with a quaint design of anchors and cornucopias, reads thusly:

“The President of the Republic . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . Begs and requests all Sovereigns, States, Friends and Allies of France and their subordinates; Orders all public functionaries, commanders of ships, and all others whom it may concern, to allow Priscilla free and sure passage without hindrance or annoyance of any kind; but, on the contrary, to give her all favour, help, and assistance when or wherever she may need it . . .”! There is quite a lot more in the same strain, but I will tax your patience no further! Still, can’t you imagine that I feel thrilled; and what about it, I ask you, if I meet King George *dans la Manche*!

With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



Fred. Daniels

THE BALM OF SOLITUDE

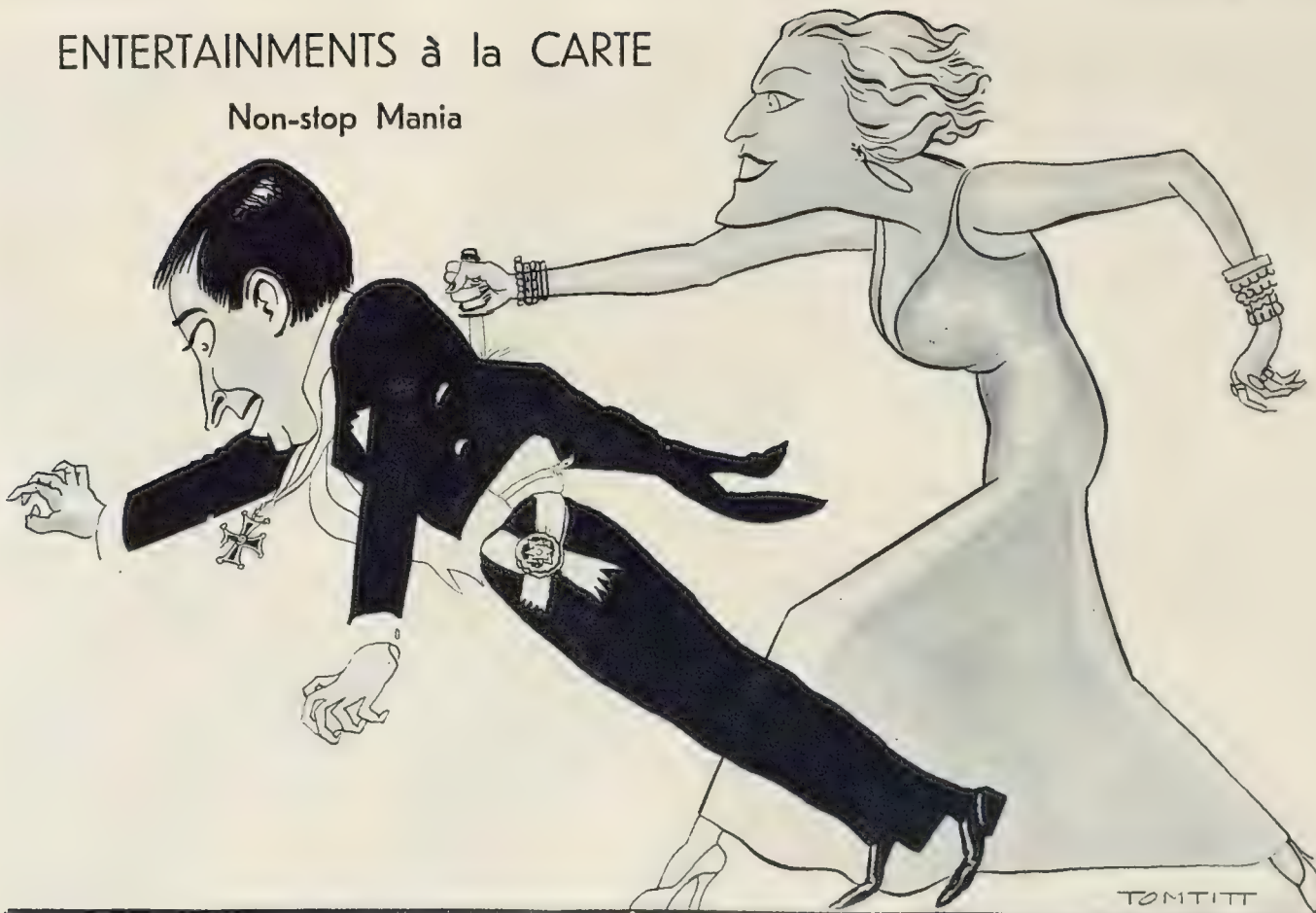
A Sylvan Study

"If there is cool content on this round earth
Here must her harbour be : here might she come
To refuge from the fierce pulsation of
The noonday meadows, or the noisy streets ;
And like Ophelia, garlanded with flowers,
Float crooning on the stream . . ."

From "The Backwater," by Frank Kendon

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Non-stop Mania



GRAND GUIGNOL: GETTING IT IN THE BACK—RUSSELL THORNDIKE PUNCTURED BY LYDIA SHERBROOKE

ROUND and round and round, on and on and on. There are now seven theatres within machine-gun range of the Eros fountain that deal in non-stop entertainment, 2 p.m. to midnight. At no moment within these hours are any of them empty of loud voices, heel-taps, or musical pom-pom, except when the conjurors silently juggle their crockery. Men (mostly), women, and schoolboys on holiday stroll into them at any free minute, pay their money and take their choice from sitting or standing room. All turns end with an exodus of those who have circled the programme, and a scramble for better seats by those who are left. You can start in the back row, and within an hour get near enough to see the performers' August perspiration. The little Windmill Theatre began it, and found sudden success with continuous variety linked together by a big, bland comedian named John Tilley; but I would not go there, because the management coined for its show the ugly portmanteau word "Revudeville." Nor, unless driven to it, will I go to the Phoenix Theatre's version, good though its reports may be—it uses the term "Vau de Vue," which is just as meaningless and repellent. It was at the London Pavilion (which boasts the Non-Stop Stars of

the World, and keeps a fair average in talent) that I first noted the custom for managers of non-stop variety houses that they should wear white waistcoats with dinner-jackets.

The Prince of Wales's was next to find salvation from the slump through non-stop habits. It offers what is called a Paris edition of non-stop revue, with Edwin Styles as a compère, than whom Worcester sauce is not more English. Daly's then gave Non-Stop Super Variety on boards that knew Lily Elsie's non-stop swayings as Merry Widow and Dollar Princess. And I note in the *Times* newspaper of the day before yesterday (for this, thank God, is being written on a balcony at Étretat, overlooking the non-stop tide) that the Leicester Square Theatre has changed from talkies to Non-Stop Revels with 16 Star Acts and a Massed Dance Chorus of 70.

The Duke of York's sells non-stop Grand Guignol. It was in torrid darkness when I entered, and the attendant's torchlight lit up (besides the white waistcoat beneath the manager's dinner jacket) a horrid face on the programme frontispiece, a white, white face, distorted into agonies of terror above hanging white tongue, and claw-like fingers beneath. On the stage, a woman with a face just as white was faltering from a dingy room littered with three blue-bloused toughs and a corpse. "More food for the bloody fishes!" said one of the toughs, as



FREDERICK ROSS



AND BARBARA GOTT



they picked up the corpse and hung it through a dirty window.

Curtain A short farce followed about two brace of married couples that went week-ending with the wrong partners, and formed obvious fours back again.

Then "The Vigil," which promised to be special, since it was by André de Lorde, who since longer than I can remember has been star contributor to the Grand Guignol in Paris. Another dingy room; horrors seem to demand dingy rooms. On the bed lay an elderly woman who had been asleep for seven years, following a shock from fright. In wakeful days she had riches and two fine sons; but her husband had since gone down,



ELSIE CARLISLE
AT DALY'S

From Ambrose's Mayfair Orchestra
in "Non-stop Super Variety"

Interval, while the orchestra plays "Destiny." The formula in Grand Guignol presentation is to ring the changes on frightfulness and farce. "Shepherd's Pie," which comes next, is farce leading up to comic horror. Mr. Gubb, clerk in a floral, wall-papered suburb, is entertaining Mr. Judd, his employer. Judds and Gubbs enjoy a meat pie that claims to be home made, but has been imported from Germany. A ring found in a mouthful of pie by Mrs. Judd (who has a weak stomach) is recognised by a French guest as his own; which proves the pie to have been made of stray dog and the Frenchman's lost arm, which he last saw when the dog ran away with it, after amputation by an electric tram in Hamburg. And what, when disgust is shown at the meat eaten, can a stage Frenchman do? Clearly, as a healthy man, he must chal



EDWIN STYLES
As Smart Compère at the
Prince of Wales

down, down in the world until he now goes without food so as to buy jelly and medicine for the sleeper. He toils all day, and through the night keeps vigil. This, of course, is the night chosen for awakening by the thing on the bed. It groans, and after a *piqure* from the doctor, it sits up. It demands a mirror, and finding grey hair and ruined face it wants to die for good and all, until it remembers the sons. Ah, the sons—they are both dead, from accident. What can the husband say? He promises that they shall soon be fetched home, after which Madame Rip Van Winkle will not mind her unexpected poverty; but when her sons' death is realised, she wills herself back into the Ewigkeit and does die for good and all. An unusual adventure in the macabre, with excellent studies in grimness by Lydia Sherwood and Frederick Ross.



RAE RUSSELL, ALEC
SHAW AND MARION
LINCOLN AT THE
WINDMILL



WHEELER AND WILSON
AT THE PHOENIX

lenge the disgusted eater to a duel. A really comic item, this, with first-rate support from Russell Thorndike, Ian Fleming, Barbara Gott, and Nadine March.

A sculptor's studio. The sculptor is neurasthenic because of morbid atmosphere. His lamp, on a plaster block, flickers and extinguishes itself without benefit of draughts. It is discovered that the sculptor's model, who can stay immobile for so remarkably long, is a natural subject for mesmerism; and a doctor mesmerises her into acting as medium for translating out of the atmo-

sphere the studio's recent history—a husband, hating the wife asleep beside him, getting up to mix plaster; the wife awakening to find murder by her side; a chase from bedroom into studio; screams, loud taps from a mallet; more mixing of plaster. The sculptor rushes to the block, knocks away its sides, and finds in its centre a woman with mouth, eyes and nostrils stuffed by plaster. Effective, but not gripping enough to contract anybody's throat.

Our old friend the gentleman burglar is with us, in what the Edwardian novels used to call "immaculate dress clothes," for a piece by Mr. Harris Deans. He



DAVE APOLLON AT THE
LONDON PAVILION



THE THREE PIRATES AT THE LEICESTER
SQUARE THEATRE

COUNTRY CRICKET



SIR ALFRED McALPINE'S XI (DREW)

Seated: F. W. H. Nicholas, A. J. McAlpine, Sir Alfred McAlpine, D. M. Ritchie and J. Hermon. In rear: R. Frost (Umpire), C. R. Walmesley, J. S. Frost, C. H. Adams, H. L. Hollis, B. D. W. Sykes and P. J. Kemej



THE GENTLEMEN OF SHROPSHIRE

Truman Howell

Seated: G. S. Tomkinson, R. Sale, H. Pritchard-Gordon (Captain), J. H. Tombling and Captain R. H. L. Green. In rear: R. C. H. Crawford (Umpire), M. Johnson, W. H. Thursby-Pelham, D. C. Hughes, G. S. Neale, T. C. Johnson and Kemej—Umpire



THE GENTLEMEN OF STAFFORDSHIRE'S XI

Seated: Colonel C. Hatton, Captain Cave-Rogers, E. W. Page, B. Meakin and J. B. Russell. Standing: J. F. Scott, G. Mackarness, W. H. Adams, W. M. Tonkinson, B. McCall, G. H. Thorneycroft



THE SOMERSET STRAGGLERS

Truman Howell

Seated: E. Ross, W. E. C. Hudden, Capt. T. G. O. Cole, J. Madden-Gaskell and E. R. Nesfield. In rear: W. F. Boran, Capt. C. D. M. Hutchins, R. P. Blyth, H. N. E. Alston, R. T. Coombe and Capt. C. L. Dunn



THE HAMPSHIRE HOGS

The names (left to right) are—Back, standing: Geo. Marshall (Umpire), J. V. L. Godefroy, R. C. Martin, A. C. Nutter, J. R. Welchman, C. E. Mott-Radcliffe, G. V. Gare, G. F. White (Scorer). Row sitting: Maj. D. A. Wilkins, P. M. Hall, Brigadier R. F. C. Foster, R.M., Lt.-Col. B. Clarke, Pay-Cdr. E. J. Rapkin, R.N. On ground: Holy Hog. Absent: Capt. V. H. Danckwerts, R.N.



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY—PORTSMOUTH

R. J. Crie

The names (left to right) are—Back, standing: C. E. G. Wood (Umpire), 2nd Lieut. P. T. O'Brien-Butler, 2nd Lieut. G. G. J. Fenton, 2nd Lieut. F. A. Bibra, 2nd Lieut. A. J. W. Grubb, Lieut. C. O. M. Morris, Lieut. I. R. McIntosh, W. E. Pitt (Scorer). Row sitting: Lieut. G. A. Thomas, Major R. H. Clarke, Lt.-Col. P. M. Medill, Capt. P. V. Williams, Lieut. D. W. Perse

Country Cricket is more often than not far the most pleasant side of a game which some of us love so well—also far more restful than anything that can happen at either Lord's or the Oval; to which places quite bunches of people go to whom champagne and cold chicken and ham mean far more than cricket with a capital "C." As to these "pics," Sir Alfred McAlpine's Commando drew with the Somerset Stragglers, but defeated the Gentlemen of Shropshire at Shrewsbury. The Somerset Stragglers in their next venture were beaten by the Gentlemen of Staffordshire, but in their encounter with the Gentlemen of Shropshire made a dead-heat of it. Sounds a bit complicated, but is not so if you listen attentively. The Hampshire Hogs v. R.A. (Portsmouth) match was played on the United Services Ground at Portsmouth



THE OLD QUAYSIDE

Written and illustrated by CHAS. PEARS, R.O.I.

Not to regions of efficiency would we journey to find beauty. Not to places of mathematical precision, nor to where great cranes lift unheard-of weights—though these may have their own especial beauty, usually when atmospheric effect supplies the mystic touch, giving to these things ghostly towerings to the sky.

We would rather go to regions of decay where simple trading created simple wants, and to where the rule of thumb prevailed, creating a wizardry of line which no man can put on paper; to places of lost trade and some small history.

Most old harbours are picturesque because, according to the lie of the land and how a ship could comfortably rest, the quay has grown and never was designed. Buildings followed which were governed by the laws of need, built of the material nearest to hand, and by local men who loved their work; thus came an accumulation of character which we call beauty. Granted that age has beautified the line and mass, that it has spatted it with a generous decay, and that lichen, moss, and weather stains have beautified its colour, there is something about a timber roof that the rigidity of steel will never give.

You may find old nooks and crannies in the more efficient and up-to-date ports. Across the harbour, not far from the hammerings of Portsmouth, there is a small quay at Gosport with a sail-maker's shed upon it which is a perfect riot of colour, line, and strange pattern created by slated sides and doors and windows cut where the need for these was felt. Prints two hundred years old show it just as it is to-day.

You will find bits in Scarborough and Whitby where small sailing traders still may be seen leaning alongside the quay, and my mind comes farther south and puts in at a small place called Blakeney in Norfolk, where boomsail ketches have to drop an anchor in order to turn the sharp bend which brings them to the quay.

In the Blackwater—where alas! a fleet of over forty steamers is at present lying idle—there is Bradwell Quay where barges stack their decks with loads of hay.

Old Shoreham, in Sussex, has bits here and there, alongside which small steamers are wont to take the ground.

We make our searchings farther west and enter Chichester harbour. There, at Emsworth, you have a feast of waterside beauty, and Bosham has a quayside which has been a subject



for the efforts of many artists, and for this reason I tried to avoid it, but finally I had to make the sketch which is reproduced above.

In the church at Bosham lie the remains of Canute's daughter. There are three places where that King is supposed to have sat to prove to his flattering courtiers that the tide would not cease to rise because of him. One is where this quay now stands, another is at Southampton, and the other is at the Crowstone near Southend.



Picture of the Favourite

White Horse Whisky

*Real Old Scotch
Sold in Bottles
and various sizes
of handy Flasks*





PETER BAXENDALE (MRS. BASIL BAXENDALE)

By WALDEN HAMMOND

"Peter Baxendale" is the name under which Mrs. Basil Baxendale paints. Many exhibitions of her works in both colour and black and white have been held, and she has had numerous distinguished sitters, amongst them Anna May Wong, the Chinese film star. The Dalmatian in the picture is a gentleman of high degree and a prize-winner at many shows



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET-FIELD

By A. E. BESTAL



ET-FIELDING IN THE DEEP

A. E. BESTALL

TWINKLING WITH ABDULLAS

Salisbury
'Turkish'
with the
Hall Mark
"Abdulla"



Salisbury
'Virginia'
with the
Hall Mark
"Abdulla"

IN THE COUNTRY

Lightning Lew has killed a few
From a bootlegging sense of fun,
But give him calm and the country's charm
When he goes for a Sunday run!
The kiddies play with their bombs to-day
In garments of knitted steel,
And he hoists Mamma in the armoured car
Where a henchman takes the wheel.

He loves to look at a rustic brook,
In his waistcoat of triple tin
And mutter "Say, 'twould be quite O.K.
If that dandy stream was gin!"
They seek retreats to devour 'cats'
With revolvers close at hand,
While Abdullas bring to the gangster king
The feeling that Life is Grand.

F. R. HOLMES.

TRY THE NEW ABDULLA SALISBURY
'TURKISH' OR 'VIRGINIA'
ONLY 5/- A HUNDRED

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



No. VI—SANDY LODGE GOLF CLUB

A gallery of very striking pictures in more ways than one, and it is unbelievable that any of the victims will fail to recognize themselves. The little personal notes attached to each portrait are quite sufficient in the way of a catalogue. The Sandy Lodge domain is in Hertfordshire, near Northwood. Mr. Francis Markes is the hon. secretary, and Mr. Guy Bennett the secretary. Arthur Havers, who is an Open Championship winner, is the professional

The next in the Series of famous Golf Clubs will be Cooden Beach

THE NEW EXTENSION TO PLAYER'S FACTORY AT NOTTINGHAM



*In this sunny,
modern* FACTORY

PLAYER'S are extending their manufacturing facilities to cope with the increasing demand from smokers who will have quality and quantity in



PLAYER'S

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 20 for 11½^d 50 for 2'6 100 for 4'8
(Flat Tins) (Card Boxes)

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.112

A "FAN MAIL"—ALSO FEMALE FROM HOLLYWOOD



ANNA MAY WONG

Fred Daniels

NOW FOR A DIP! COLLEEN MOORE



LYDA ROBERTI IN "MILLION DOLLAR LEGS"

The picture of China's most famous film actress is not one taken in any film, but in private life as may be said. Anna May Wong was born and educated in Los Angeles, so therefore it is not surprising that she speaks such good American. Colleen Moore also was not at work when her picture was taken, but at her own Bel Air estate in the Beverley Hills, Los Angeles. Lyda Roberti is the daughter of the famous European clown, Roberti, and is in this "Million Dollar Legs" film with Jack Oakie and W. C. Fields. The picture came to the Plaza on August 5. Warren Williams is a recruit from the legitimate stage of Broadway and is seen off duty with pretty little Miriam Hopkins



OFF DUTY: WARREN WILLIAMS
AND MIRIAM HOPKINS

SUMMER SPORTS IN THE FREE STATE



MAJOR AND MRS. E. G. ATKINSON AND MRS. HUNTER AT THE ALL-IRELAND POLO CLUB



AT PHOENIX PARK: MISS KITTY COMBE, THE HON. SYLVIA COKE AND MRS. NAPER



ALSO RACING: MISS JUNE O'MALLEY-KEYES AND MR. MACARDLE



MISS DAPHNE HUMPHREYS, MISS T. KARRI-DAVIS, AND LADY GOULDING WELL TURNED OUT AT PHOENIX PARK



DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, LAST DAY: LORD MILTON WITH MISS OLIVE PLUNKET AND (RIGHT) LADY DUMFRIES

In this pictorial review of the Irish sporting situation, the top left-hand snapshot was taken just before Major E. G. Atkinson played for England in the international polo contest for the Patriotic Cup, won very easily by Ireland. Mrs. Hunter's husband, Mr. W. T. Hunter, was also on the losing side. There was a good attendance at Phoenix Park races for what is always accepted as the concluding stage of Horse Show week. The afternoon was delightfully fine and the racing never flagged in interest. Among those present were the Hon. Sylvia Coke, her aunt, Mrs. Naper, and her future sister-in-law, Miss Kitty Combe; Miss June O'Malley-Keyes, daughter of Colonel O'Malley-Keyes, who was with Mr. Macardle, a well-known member of the Louth Hunt; and Lady Goulding, whose husband, Sir Lingard Goulding, is Governor of the Bank of Ireland and, in his spare moments, a polo player of repute. On the last day of the Dublin Show, Lady Dumfries, formerly Lady Eileen Forbes, was featuring in the Show ring. The date of Miss Olive Plunket's marriage to Lord Milton, Lord Fitzwilliam's only son, has not yet been announced.

Photographs by Poole, Dublin.

FROM ALL ROUND THE COMPASS!



AT THE KELSO FAIR AND SHOW

Ian Smith

Left to right : Lady Willa Elliot, Lady Bridget Elliot, The Countess of Minto, Lady Alexandra Haig and Mrs. Montgomerie



A NEW ENGAGEMENT: MISS KATHARINE DOLBY AND MR. FRANCIS BALFOUR, AT KINDROGAN—Wm. L. Hume



AT PYTHOUSE, TISBURY: MRS. HUGH ROGERS AND THE DUKE OF SOMERSET



Balmain

AT NORTH BERWICK: THE HON. LAURENCE METHUEN AND MISS VIOLET GRAHAME



Chas. E. Brown

AT NORTHAW G.R.A. SPORTS: LORD LOCH, MR. F. S. GENTLE AND BRIG.-GEN. A. C. CRITCHLEY

The Trek northward after Goodwood and Cowes is now in full spate, as is usual the moment the grouse bird season opens. Three out of these five pictures are from north of the Border. The group at Kelso, in which are Lady Minto and her daughters, Lady Alexandra Haig and Mrs. Montgomerie, was taken at the Border Union Agricultural Society Show. Kelso is in the heart of the Buccleuch country. Miss Katharine Dolby, who is engaged to Mr. Francis Balfour, is the only daughter of Sir George and Lady Dolby, of Silwood Park, Sunninghill. Kindrogan is Mr. Balfour's Highland home and is at Kirkmichael, Perthshire. The wedding takes place some time early in December. Tisbury, where the Duke of Somerset and Mrs. Rogers were snapped at the Pythouse Tennis Week, is in Wilts. One of his Grace's seats is at Frome, which is in Somerset. The Hon. Laurence Methuen is the youngest son of the famous Field-Marshal and married a daughter of the 4th Lord Blythwood. Miss Violet Grahame is a niece of Evelyn Lady Blythwood. Lord Loch, Mr. Gentle and Brig.-Gen. Critchley are directors of the Greyhound Racing Association. The gathering at Northaw was a real bumper one



Swabe
THE HON. MRS. JAMES RUTLAND
AND HER SON DAVID

A sandy snapshot at Frinton last week. Mrs. Rutland is Lord and Lady Ashfield's elder daughter

THE "crack of the rifle" being about to be "heard on the moors," a story comes back to my mind of a thrilling occasion when George Graves, who had taken old "Swears" down to a shoot, sent our much-lamented friend out for a little preliminary promenade *solus* with one of the Scottish keepers, "Swears" not being an absolute William Tell. They flushed something or other—may have been sparrows or starlings; it doesn't much matter—and old "Swears" loosed-off, inadvertently pressing both triggers! Recovering from the kick, he said to the keeper, in that husky voice so well known to many of us:

"Now then, why don't you pick up the birds?"

"*What burrds?*" said McParritch.

"*What birds!*" said "Swears."

"Now, look 'ere; I've only bin 'ere five minutes and you've bin 'ere all yer blinkin' life, and you have the sanguinary cheek to ask me—'*what birds!*'!"

The holiday season being upon us, what could make a more timely appearance than the kind advice by the medical superintendent of the Cunard Company upon "how to treat sea-sickness." This must make an instant appeal both to those visitors to our seaside resorts who go for what is called (facetiously, as may be thought) "a nice shillin' sail," and to those quite as wasteful persons who go down to the sea in bigger vessels. Dr. Gwynne Maitland reveals many facts which the layman has long suspected to be true. He says, for instance, that one of the prime causes is "the disturbance of the balancing apparatus which exists in the bony part of the interior of the ear." With no desire to precipitate matters for anyone to whom sound of a particular kind is absolutely fatal, would not cotton-wool in the ears be a good scheme, say, between Harwich and The Hook, Liverpool and North Wall, Southampton and St. Heliers, or even Folkestone and Boulogne? It might help them, and prevent their hearing those very distressing sounds which they are apt to hear.

Stopping the hearing, however, is not enough—so the doctor says. I know it, and so do a whole lot of other people. You must not see things. Who would, if he could avoid it? Dr. Gwynne Maitland goes on to talk in

Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE"

By

a highly scientific manner about such matters as "the movement of the stomach," and "the complicated visual effects produced in the eyes," and what happens when "the body-fluid known as lymph is free to move about." I am beginning to feel so much as if my lymph had slipped its cable as to be hardly able to continue to write about all this, and am merely forcing my pen onward hoping that I may be doing my fellow-man a little bit of good. The good doctor further tells us that the best way to counteract all the lymph slushing about and making the patient . . . well, I won't say what . . . is to compel him—or her—to go in for deck games, "dancing or drill," or to play the childish game of "walking round a walking-stick." It all sounds very jolly and quite simple; but surely one ought to have some consideration for one's fellow-passengers and their spotless raiment? Fancy playing "Bull" or deck-quoits when you feel as if you had swallowed both the canvas-covered leaden discs used for the former and several of the hempen rings used for the latter! It is impossible not to

believe that Dr. Gwynne has a very kind heart and wants to help us, and I should hate to be thought ungrateful, but I merely put forward some possibilities which I feel everyone will agree do rather obtrude themselves. The nett result of the whole scheme, as I read it, for avoiding a most unpicturesque disease is to hear nothing, see nothing, and endeavour to stop your lymph flowing in either a "vertical semi-circular canal" or in a horizontal one. If we can bear these things in mind when there is a peculiarly nasty beam sea hitting her we shall be all right. If not . . .

The Cunard's Medical Superintendent has omitted to tell us how to counter-act the effects of hot engine-oil, and the aroma of breakfast bacon, and that peculiar clammy, wet, dead-fish-on-your-stomach sensation which assails so many on ship-board. Otherwise, I think this nice doctor has covered the ground most thoroughly. I gather that the rough old remedy so often prescribed by persons like Long John Silver, and other pirates, is now quite obsolete? It had to do with a bit of string and some over-ripe pork!



Swabe
AND THE HON. MRS. EDWARD
BARFORD AND EDWINA

The younger of Lord and Lady Ashfield's daughters, also taken at Frinton, which is a great place for ozone and appetite, and tremendously popular



LORD RODNEY AT FORT SASKATCHEWAN

Where he has a ranch which he has called "Cottesmore." As Lady Rodney is a daughter of the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, and as the Lowther family started the Cottesmore some centuries ago, this seems very appropriate



10 YEARS OLD WHISKY 12'6'

SPEY ROYAL

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



A PRETTY SAVOY FOLLY: MISS IRIS ASHLEY AT STOKE COURT

Everyone agrees that Mr. Archie de Bear's Savoy Follies give us one of the best entertainments we have had for a very long time, and there is not a weak link in the whole of the clever chain of merry-makers. Miss Iris Ashley is one of them and is seen off duty at that restful spot, Stoke Court, Bucks

for his money. The latter gave him sixpence.

"Ere, Guv'nor," said the tramp, looking at the sixpence, "'arf a mo'—"

"That's right—half a mow, half pay," shot back the other, shutting the door.

A man who had had a slight motoring accident and had sticking-plaster on his nose as a result, was called upon to interview the local income-tax inspector.

"Had an accident to your nose?" the latter asked, sympathetically, as he entered the room.

"No," said the taxpayer, "I've been paying through it for so long that it has given way under the strain."

"Well, and what do you think of my Rembrandt?" asked the *nouveau-riche*, who was showing his friend over the picture gallery of his newly-acquired house.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the other. Then, looking closer, he remarked, "But why do you call it a Rembrandt when it is signed Rachel?"

"Ah! That's one of my lawyer's tricks. Everything in this house has to be in the name of my wife."

S AID Jones: "I heard of a clever man the other day."

Said Smith: "Why, what did he do?"

Said Jones: "Well, he used to run an ice-cream van here with 'Stop Me and Buy One,' and now he's gone over to Chicago and invented a patent bullet-proof waist-coat, and now he's got a van with the words, 'Buy Me and Stop One!'"

A tramp called at a house. "Afternoon, Guv'nor," he said to the man who answered the door. "Got a little job I could do for a few pence?"

The householder thought for a moment and then said: "Yes, cut the lawn and I'll give you a shilling."

The tramp set to work, but after he had cut half the lawn he became tired, and, pushing aside the lawn-mower, he went and asked the householder

THE constable had proved that the defendant had sold cigarettes to a boy of tender years, and the court waited to hear the sentence. Just then the presiding magistrate felt a draught from the window, and reached for his skull-cap and drew it on to his bald head.

"Heavens!" came a voice from the back of the court. "He's going to hang the pore bloke!"

"How long are you going to be trimming that tree, Joe?" asked the under-gardener.

Joe looked down from the top of the ladder. "It'll take me another hour or more," he replied.

"Oh, all right," said the other, patiently. "Let me know when you've finished, because the boss has told me to cut it down."

A teacher was trying to boost the sale of her photographs of the class. "Now, children," she said, "just imagine how you'll enjoy looking at this photograph when you grow up. As you look at it, you'll say to yourselves, 'There's Polly, she's a nurse; and there's Jim, he's an M.P.; and—'"

"And there's teacher, she's dead," came a voice from the middle of the class.

A man returning somewhat fuddled from a function encountered another who had been to a rival dinner. The latter lay prone upon the pavement and asked to be assisted to his feet.

"No, no," said the man who was only able to maintain his equilibrium with an effort, "I'm sorry I can't do it, but if you like I'll lie down beside you."

A little girl's eyesight was inclined to be weak, so her mother took her to an oculist, who, after an examination, announced that she would have to wear glasses for a time.

Some weeks later the oculist asked after his little patient.

"Oh, doctor," said the mother, tearfully, "I can't get her to wear those glasses during the day, but"—she brightened up a little—"when she's asleep I creep upstairs and—and slip them on!"



A BABY PARTY IN THE U.S.A.

Miss Thelma Tipson and Mrs. Willard G. Triest as they appeared at what is called a kiddy party at the Sands Point Bath Club. It is said that all the best people in the New York Social Register back this sort of show up enthusiastically



Wherever an Englishman Travels—whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A".

Beside the Sea and the salt air—amid the morning mists of the Moorland or in the crowded, stifling City you can buy Craven "A" in the prime freshness of packing-time condition . . . There is a wonderful difference between a Factory-fresh CRAVEN "A" and any cigarette which has become damp, dry or shop-stale.

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AIR EDDIES



By OLIVER STEWART



Charles B. Brown

THE OFFICERS OF No. 4 (ARMY CO-OPERATION) SQUADRON AT FARNBOROUGH

This Squadron is the first to be equipped with the new Hawker Audax aircraft, the fastest machines of their type in the Air Force. The names in this group are, from left to right:—F/O. J. M. Israel, F/O. K. N. Sayers, F/O. A. J. W. Geddes, F/O. T. U. C. Shirley, P/O. C. W. M. Ling, S/Ldr. S. P. Simpson, M.C., Squadron-Comdr., F/O. D. C. J. Miller, F/Lt. W. H. Burbury, F/O. W. R. Wills-Sandford, F/Lt. N. C. Saward, F/Lt. L. T. Keens, F/O. G. E. Agard-Butler, P/O. F. C. Daubney

From Futility to Utility.

ENGINEERING productions commonly pass through three stages of progress: the laboratory, the lime-light and the proletariat. They have their birth in the dim and daedal mind of some vague mathematician, working in an obscure study; they burst forth upon the public in the finished condition and become News; and, finally, they establish themselves among the engineering effects and accessories of modern existence: the lifts, locomotives and lip-sticks; the bulbs, bridges and buttons; the motor-cars and aeroplanes. Absolute success is achieved only when the proletariat stage is reached and the invention becomes the property of everyone, every day and in every way.

Aviation emerged from the academic chrysalis just before the war, made a false start during the war and re-started during the peace. It has had a good innings as a Novelty. Actresses, Members of Parliament, municipal counsellors, publicists, publicans and sinners seized upon the flying-machine as a vehicle not only of transport, but also of publicity. Sir Barnabie Mere-Bulgewater has been seen stepping into and out of aircraft not only in fact, but also, if not in fiction, at least in the picture pages of the newspapers—perhaps chiefly in the picture pages of the newspapers. Miss Zoe Zipper's cinematic smile has appeared at the windows of all types of aircraft.

The practice was good both for the person and for the aeroplane. It gave publicity where publicity was due; to the faces of the famous and to the facies of the airframes. It made the newspaper public aeroplane-conscious and did much psychological pioneer work. But no permanent foundation for flying can be expected purely from this kind of adventitious publicity. That is why the coming of the third stage of aeronautical progress, in which aviation becomes a normal part of everyday life, with a duty to fulfil in the ordinary work of the community, must be welcomed as the happiest augury.

This year flying has been less in the news than in previous years. But it has been more used than in previous years. The symptoms are therefore clear; aviation is passing from the News stage to the utility stage. The Isle of Wight ferry, as I write these notes, goes back and forth over the Solent, the very scene, less than a year ago, of the most stupendous mechanical contest in history, the Schneider Trophy Race. The cross-Channel air services create new passenger records and carry travellers in greater comfort than can be offered by any other known type of high-speed vehicle. Their fares have reached a low point where they compete on level terms

with the older methods of transport. Over the Bristol Channel an air ferry service has been started, and I hear plans of many other short-distance services—unsubsidised and run entirely as commercial undertakings—in Great Britain. The De Havilland Fox Moth offers something particularly attractive in the way of economical flying and is certain to lead to a very great increase of small short-distance services and of taxi flying. I believe that to-day anyone who took the trouble to study the map of England—where the pundits have always said air services are redundant—could find half-a-dozen places where they could be made to pay now.

This Year, Next Year. . . .

Aviation has progressed from a stunt to a business, and therefore this year must be regarded as one of the most promising of all the years since the Wright brothers achieved power-driven controlled flight for the first time. Next year will show whether that start will be made good and progress along this useful line will be continued. It must be hoped that there will be fewer stunts and more air services and more cross-country flying. In a way it is a pity that we are now saying 'good-bye' to the spectacular days of aviation.

The spectacular days have been great days for all who have been in the thick of things; and they are days that will never be repeated. When I joined the Royal Flying Corps—long before Royal Air Forces and bandsmen's blue uniforms had been thought of—it was possible to know every member of the service personally. It was also possible to fly in your own way and, if you wanted to take risks in such things as low aerobatics, to take them without let or hindrance. If there were any aerodrome rules then, they were concealed with more than ordinary thoroughness.

The entrance into flying of Tom, Dick and Harry has altered all that; and to-day regulations breed like flies and are just as unhealthy. But it has to be recognised that, when it is handed over to the proletariat, flying must be made comrade-proof. Hence the hordes of documents that aircraft and their pilots must carry and the millions of regulations with which they must comply. These documents and regulations, however, have failed to do more than retard progress; they have never stopped it. And the commercial air age is dawning.

To-morrow flying will be ordinary, and it will be as remarkable for someone to confess that he has never been in an aeroplane as it now is for someone to confess that he has never been in a train or a motor-car. That is, looking back on what has been happening this season.

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PETROL VAPOUR By W. G. ASTON

A Fine Programme.

Owing to exigencies of space I was only able to refer briefly and baldly to the new Singer programme in my last - but - one, which is entirely inappropriate since it really deserves a whole article to itself. There are five models altogether, two of them, the 4-cylinder 12-h.p. and the 14-h.p. 6-cylinder, absolutely brand new. The Nine, which is already such a popular favourite, comes out in an entirely new edition, and then there are the "Two-litre" and the Kaye Don models, both lusty sixes. I will not here rehearse the list of prices, suffice it to say that they are extraordinarily low, and are indeed a fine example of what British enterprise can do when it really sets about a job. The great point, however, is that every one of this bunch of new Singers shares many features of bold technical advancement, making in the aggregate something quite exceptional. First there is the "vibro-damper" method of mounting the engine on rubber buffers and a leap spring. This, as I can testify from a trial, is exceedingly effective, and promotes a most pleasant smoothness of running. The latter is enhanced by the behaviour of the new "perm-mesh" four-speed gear-box, which affords not only a really "silent" third, but an equally silent second as well. Further than that, the gear change either up or down is so simple that the most ham-handed tyro could hardly miff it. Hardly less in importance is the use of Lockheed hydraulic brakes, than which, according to my experience, no better system can be devised. There are "silentbloc" bushes to the spring shackles (except on the Kaye Don models, which have central chassis lubrication) so that lubrication points are reduced to the minimum, also double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers fore-and-aft. Then there is a completely new steering gear, of the worm-and-nut type, that for lightness and directness in action can only be compared to that of a push-bike. Finally there is a striking new range of roomier and smarter aluminium panelled bodywork. Where all are so good it is hard to say which is best, but I confess that my own fancy is much engaged by the Fourteen-Six, the saloon of which is modestly priced at £235. This, like the Nine, has an overhead-valve overhead-camshaft engine giving any amount of power, and offering that nippiness in performance at the lower end of the speed



A RECENT HOUSE-PARTY AT BROADLANDS, ROMSEY

A group taken of a house-party at Lord and Lady Mount Temple's charming house at Romsey. Lord Mount Temple will be better remembered as Colonel Wilfrid Ashley. The picture includes Lord and Lady Mount Temple, Captain and Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mr. and Mrs. de Oxholme of the Danish Legation, Mlle Regis de Oliveira, Viscount and Viscountess Tiverton, Captain Cecil Gunston, Captain F. Renton, Sir Morgan Crofton, Admiral Arthur Snagge, R.N., Mr. Hubert Nicholls, Sir Gifford and Lady Fox, Prince and Princess de Chimay

Arthur Owen

certainly is. It is no hyperbole to say that it is a fresh sensation in light cars, thanks to its exploitation of the self-changing gear and the fluid fly-wheel. Tastes may differ as to the value of the latter, but they can hardly do so in regard to the former, which

shows its virtues most conspicuously in its combination with a small vigorous engine. This unit, I would not hesitate to say, is just about the best thing of its kind that has ever been produced. It is not so much that it has loads of cheerful power, and an apparently endless stock of revolutions, but it is so extremely well balanced and so free from shake at all speeds that it can truthfully be described as running like a six. Indeed, I know several sixes which are not to be compared with it for smoothness. Then I think the 10-h.p. Lanchester is entitled to be called unique in the matter of comfort, having regard to its very moderate wheel-base. That, undoubtedly, is partly due to the adoption of a very low-built frame, which is under-slung at the rear, and permits plenty of leg room without the need of any wells in the floor. Said frame is scientifically braced and really rigid. The feeling of solidity and security that it gives when bad surfaces have to be negotiated is something that must be tried to be appreciated. It corners beautifully, and it takes chains of pot-holes as though it were twice the size. Moreover the steering, and the hydraulic braking, are absolutely beyond reproach, so that whether you are hogging, or only merely pottering, the farther you drive the Lanchester the more it grows upon you. And there is no question that it is a good-looker, utterly confuting the theory which has been held far too long, that if you make a small car really wide enough for four full-sized people it is almost impossible to make it graceful. For here you have lashings of room together with most insidiously attractive lines.

(Continued on p. iv)



AT KELSO SHOW: LADY ISOBEL SCOTT AND THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE

At the Border Union Agricultural Society's Show last week. Lady Isobel Scott, who goes so well with the Buccleuch Hounds, is a daughter of the 9th Marquess of Lothian. The Duchess of Roxburghe was Miss May Ogden Goelet of the U.S.A.

Ian Smith

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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THE DOG'S WATCH

By DONALD MAULE

THE last thing Harrop said to me was: "Well, if you're getting twenty-seven to the gallon out of her you're darned lucky! I can't get more than twenty-two out of mine." After which I started to drive home with all the pride of new ownership in a fine car. I *must* be getting 27 m.p.g., I told myself, because I'd been checking my gauge and speedometer readings most carefully.

Eight miles farther on, with the gauge showing five gallons in the tank, my super-sports Moonbeam came to a coughing halt. Nor would she re-start. When I went to flood her carburettor it was bone dry. So was the tank. In other words, that perishing gauge had sold me a pup and stranded me at two o'clock in the morning just about eight miles from nowhere.

If you know that long stretch of moorland between Endham and Beam's Cross you'll know how I felt, for there's mighty little traffic on it by day and less by night. Fortunately, it was fine. Bright starlight and not too cold. And I had plenty to smoke. So I spent the next hour working out a particularly rude letter to the makers of the gauge.

Then came the sound of an engine from behind me and headlights swept the rise.

He was a decent enough bloke and stopped at once. But he didn't carry a spare can, and he couldn't tap the juice from his tank. He could, however, give me a lift into Beam's Cross, where I'd get all the petrol I wanted and a car to take me back. Short of walking, it seemed the only thing to do, so I accepted gratefully and got in beside him. I gathered he'd been to a dance or some such show, as he was in full evening rig and his breath was torture to a fellow who'd been stranded for an hour by the wayside without a drink.

"Funny thing," he said, once in top gear, "but you're the second lad I've found stranded at that spot!"

The way he said it hinted at a yarn, so I bit.

"It was about three months ago," he began. "I was coming back from Foulton—just about this time, too—when a fellow stepped into my headlights flapping his arms. He'd got a motor-bike but had bust his driving chain. Would I give him a lift? Of course I said I would.

"Frankly, I didn't like the looks of him over much. He was decently enough dressed, and all that sort of thing. But there was something about him I didn't like. My wife says I'm a great judge of character, and I instinctively knew this fellow was a wrong 'un, somehow. His manner was so darned queer. Shifty. He didn't talk much, but when he did he'd look out of the window instead of at me. Rotten habit, don't you think?"

I do, and said so—purposely glaring at him in the dim light.

"Well, we'd got just about as far as here"—we were then topping the long rise of Garrick's Hill—"when I noticed my dash-board clock had stopped. Now my wife fusses like blazes if I don't get home more or less by the time I said I would. She panics. Thinks I've crashed something and been taken off on a stretcher. So naturally I try to keep to schedule. And seeing my clock had stopped I fingered in my pocket for me watch."

Here he fished out a cigarette case, told me to help myself, and explained the working of a lighter on the dash.

"Well?" said I, between puffs.

"It wasn't there!"

"Meaning —?"

"My watch had gone."

"Oh!"

"Mark you! It was me own fault, of course. Anyone knows it's risky giving lifts to strangers. Oh, no offence! No offence! Still, it is, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so." I agreed. And hastily gave him back his cigarette case.

"He'd been shifting and wriggling about quite a lot, and it began to dawn upon me why. I reckon I'm a match for most people. I mean, I'm no fool. But when a fellow's driving, especially at night, his pockets are more or less at the mercy of any damned crook sitting next to him."

At that, I got as far away from the blighter as I possibly could. I was feeling mighty uncomfortable. But I tried to pass it off by saying, "And what happened next? Did you get it back?"

"I *did*!" he chuckled. "You bet I did. It was like this. As soon as I noticed my loss I put two an' two together, and decided that bloke had got it. There was no other way of figuring it out. So far so good. But how to make him cough it up? He was a pretty hefty sort of brute, and if it came to rough-housing I reckoned I mightn't come off best. I didn't dare risk taking him into Beam's Cross, because, knowing what I do of these stiffies, I guessed he'd probably drop my watch out of the window, and come back and fetch it later. So I had to get him single-handed. And I had to get him quick. Now, what would *you've* done?"

I didn't know what I'd have done, and I said so.

And suddenly I felt something very hard stuck violently into my right ribs.

"That's what I did, me boy!" said my driver. "I just threw all decency and any doubt to the four winds, I just stuck him like that. And I said: 'Don't move, boy! Don't *dare* move—or it'll go off. Now hand over that watch. *Quick!*'"

"And did he?"

"You bet he did! Never seen anyone do it quicker. Just hesitated a moment, then fished it out of his vest pocket. Never said a word. Scared stiff."

"What d'you do then?"

"Well, I'd already slipped me clutch and braked. And when I'd got me watch safe where it ought to be, I socked him a beauty under the jaw. Hard as I could. He took it like a suet pudding. Then I just opened the door, heaved him out, and beat it for home. I didn't see much point in lugging him round and giving him in charge." Then—"Shall I drop you at Tunn's Garage?" for we'd reached the outskirts of Beam's Cross.

"That'll do fine," I said, "But tell me"—for I was curious—d'you *always* carry a revolver?"

At that he roared with laughter.

"No! Never. That was the old bluff. See?" He produced the useful-looking pipe which he'd stuck into my innocent ribs. "I didn't think it would come off. Seemed too elementary. But it did. Ah, here we are." And he braked.

Now I thought that just about the most idiotic story I'd ever heard. Too far-fetched altogether. I put him down as a cheerful and bombastic liar and only regretted that good manners forbade my saying so.

So, instead, I got out, thanked him profusely for his kindness, said "Good-night!" and walked towards the garage.

He let me go a few steps before he stopped me with a loud "Hi!"

I turned and went back.

"Don't you want to hear the *end* of that story?" he grinned.

"Wasn't that the end?"

"Lord, no! Listen." And he leant through the window, speaking slowly, confidentially, his eyes twinkling with fun. "When I got home, the first thing my wife said to me was: 'Darling, you *are* careless! D'you know you left your watch in the bathroom?' And she gave it to me!"

"Then —"

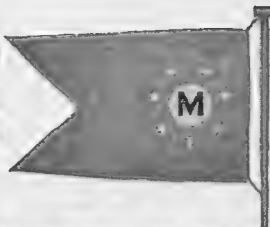
But my astonishment was drowned by his laughter and the scream of gears as he shot down the High Street.



MISS BETTY FRENCH IN "WHITE HORSE INN"

Miss French is on tour with this big success, which opened at the Streatham Hill Theatre for a three weeks' run on July 30. Miss French understudied Leah Seidl in the London production at the Coliseum and played her part many times

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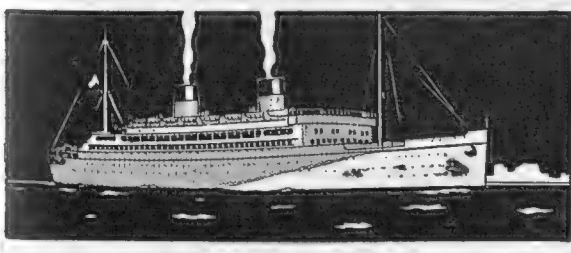


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PROMISES must be kept. Having recently indulged in a rash statement to the effect that the perfect partner should be defined, there is nothing for it but to grasp the nettle, take the plunge, or rush at any other of those heroic things which fools do while the angels stand on the brink.

What is the perfect partner? It ought to be "who," of course, but "who" involves so many personalities that courage lacks. Supposing I should say that Mrs. G. is the perfect partner, Miss H. the



A snapshot from Wales: Miss Cunningham, a truly marvellous hon. secretary to the Welsh Championship, with Miss Jestyn Jefferies (right), who beat her in the semi-final round of this year's event

the sound of the telephone, dreaded the telegraph boy, the postman, hated worst of all THE TATLER for having dared to write so personally about her? And what about poor Miss H.? Would she languish for ever, an everlasting herbaceous wallflower?

Probably "no" is the answer to both these questions. Most people have very definite ideas on whom they like to play with, and why, and will choose just that one and no other, whatever words of winged wisdom they may read on the subject. As for those few so rash as to entrust their Autumn Foursome destinies to my hands, with the plaintive request that they have no partner, will I supply one? I feel that they are so trusting, so touchingly sure that I keep a supply of p.p.s up my sleeve, that I would hardly dare to suggest to them that there may be partners and partners!

Well, well, we are burking the question. What is the perfect partner? To which the answer seems to me to be, "One whom you never have to think about"; which after all boils down to the one word "reliability." Supposing I were choosing a car, reliability is what I personally should put first, and partners are much like cars; their mission in life is to get you there, to provide no unpleasant surprises in the process, to respond to kind handling, but to get along, temporarily, well enough without it. The good car will go on running for some time under woeful neglect of batteries, even of oil and grease, but



Winning overseas: Mrs. Travers, who is this year's lady champion of Ceylon

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

worst (I can think of no golfer whose name begins with H. at the moment, except my own, so these initials really are mere blinds), would not Mrs. G. be inundated with requests for her assistance at Ranelagh two months hence, till she hated

Northern and Ranelagh Foursomes.

Mrs. Kenneth Key is one of the shortest of players, hence the length of her handicap. But she knew in those days, when Burnham had entirely delightful Open Weeks each summer, what she could do, and she did it. On the eve of bogey foursomes there we would map out precisely and exactly which holes we could halve or, with our handsome allowance of strokes, win, also which we must irrevocably lose. We ran to scheduled time next day, punctual as any Flying Scotsman, and if that did not always get us home it was because somebody else had gone completely mad and returned half a dozen up on bogey. We never did anything like that. But for placid peace of mind, commend me once again to a foursome with Gilly.

Therefore, if anybody wants advice on choosing a partner for Ranelagh or Roehampton, my word is Reliability. No matter

(Continued on p. vi)



Playing the game in Dumfriesshire: Some members of the Langholm Ladies' Golf Club who competed in the June "Britannia and Eve" competition



Photograph by Shaw Wildman

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Miss Hilary Charles goes round at Glencagles: That charming slouch effect is quite the last word for long days on the links. But you do need the clever handling of MATITA . . . the sudden pique of a contrasted jumper motif that "follows through" and sets off the careless belt and the cool naïveté of the simple hat.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

MODES FOR YORK, DONCASTER, AND SCOTLAND



The wrap coat is by no means the least important item of the autumn outfit, especially when thoughts are centred on the races at York and Doncaster, and the Braemar and other gatherings in Scotland.

The model on the left of this page comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Scarborough; it is made of Cumberland tweed with a new diagonal weave, the shades in the Tasmanian opossum collar being reflected in the tweed; the selvedge centres the revers; it is 12 guineas.

There are tweed coats from 3 guineas

Gleneagles, North Berwick, and St. Andrews are sure to see tailored suits like the model pictured on the right. A clever device is present in the yoke, the result being that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped; nevertheless, the appearance is so neat that it makes an ideal spectator's suit, and of it one may become the possessor for $6\frac{1}{2}$ guineas; the velvet scarf introduces a telling touch of colour. There are tweed cardigan suits for 3 guineas. A new note is struck in the 35s. 6d. slimming tartan skirts



The hats on this page are also sponsored by Marshall and Snelgrove of Scarborough. The felt model on the left is enriched with a motif in which two tones of felt are present; it is 45s. 9d., and this is the cost of the one on the right with its becoming kindly brim. The decorative beret worn by the figure in the centre is of crushed velvet of an off-white shade; it represents the last syllable in the story of headgear



Furs occupy a prominent position in these salons. Surely nothing could be more decorative than the American broad-tail coat portrayed. The deep epaulette sleeves and cross-over effect are ultra smart; the colour is an elusive coco shade, and its non-committal character is in complete harmony with a variety of colour schemes. Black and natural musquash coats are coming into the limelight, also moleskin

PICTURES BY BLAKE

New
Autumn Styles . . . in
SILK SHIRTS
and Jumpers . . . tailored to exclusive designs
by Debenhams



The influence of the military line is emphasized in this new autumn tailored shirt of washing silk Crêpe; the rever turns back if required. In ivory, beige, saxe, grey, and new flamingo. Sizes 13 to 14½ inches.

One of the smartest autumn styles in shirts is carried out in striped Crepes. The stripes cleverly arranged to give a becoming line, on white grounds with red/black, light/dark blue, blue/beige or black stripes. Sizes 13 to 14½ inches.

59/6

49/6

This sleeveless tailored jumper is featured in washing silk Crêpe, fitted over the hips and completed with knot and ends at the neck. In ivory, shades of beige, saxe, gold, grey and new flamingo. Sizes 13 to 14½ inches. Size 15 inch - 25/-

21/-

Debenham & Freebody

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Elizabeth Arden's Invisible Sun Mask

Protecta Cream
Sunburn cannot penetrate it!

Elizabeth Arden created Protecta Cream especially for women who want to sun their loveliness and have it too.

Protecta Cream is a clever preparation that acts as an invisible mask between you and sunburn . . . that enables you to play in the sun and wind without fear of marring your loveliness . . . that smart women always apply before going out in the sun . . . that prevents coarseness, freckling, peeling . . . that is waterproof . . . that serves as a perfect foundation for daytime and evening make-up . . . that gives your legs a smooth finish under mesh stockings, or when they're bare.

The Elizabeth Arden Basic Preparations for Summer Loveliness:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM . . . Cleanses thoroughly and gently. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC . . . Tones, firms and refreshes the skin. 3/6, 8/6, 15/6, 25/-

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD . . . A rich cream that banishes wrinkles. 4/5, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6, 35/-



VENETIAN VELVA CREAM . . . Smooths and refines without fattening. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

ARDENA PROTECTA CREAM . . . Safeguards the delicacy of the skin in spite of exposure to the sun. Dilute with Ardena Skin Tonic and apply always before going out in the sun. White, Naturelle, Bronze and Rachel. Tubes, 6/6, 10/6, Jar, 12/6

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at leading shops everywhere

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



A FASHIONABLE SET

Consisting of hat, coat, and scarf is destined to be made of Ramada knitting wool, which is available in cartons or hanks

The Fascination of Knitting.

The vogue for knitting each day becomes more pronounced; therefore Viyella are responsible for a well-nigh unlimited number of leaflets with an illustration and full instructions regarding the knitting of the garment. These are so simple that the novice cannot fail to be successful. This, as all the world knows, is a great advantage. The illustrations on this page show five garments. Instruction leaflets are 2d. each; they can be supplied from Castle Boulevard, Nottingham, should they not be available at the local store or draper. In addition to the wools mentioned beneath the illustrations there is Sunya, which is similar to Ramada, but not quite so soft. Viyella yarn and Ramada are 6½d. per ounce, Visylka 7d., and Sunya 5½d.



A DISTINCTIVE JUMPER

That looks particularly well carried out in Ramada knitting wool which may be exactly matched in Viyella cloth

Concerning Notepaper.

There is now a stationery department at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, where there are to be seen the modes of tomorrow in notepaper. There is a delicate blue paper with a seam of white on the left side only, and another has a narrow double border, and then there are envelopes tissueed to match, as well as correspondence cards. Again there is the linen sand paper edged with nutkin brown; it is larger than ordinary notepaper, the envelopes being of the Ascot character. A few words must be said about the menu holders with carved ivory animals; if desired the owner's pets may be reproduced. In this utilitarian age it is not surprising that gift boxes of doyleys are looked on with favour; they are from 7s. 6d. and decorative. A joy to any man is a 1½-inch propelling pencil as it will slip into his waistcoat pocket.



AN AUTUMN JUMPER

Which must be made in Viyella yarn. It is packed in "bother"-proof cartons, and is guaranteed unshrinkable



A SIMPLE FROCK

Carried out in Visylka, it is particularly soft and silky and is really a mixture of artificial silk and Viyella

A Descendant of the Curl-paper.

About thirty years ago curls were regarded as modish, and as curl-papers were, to say the least of it, not decorative, the Papillote was introduced. It was a cute little device for persuading curls to remain in position during the hours of slumber—in other words, it lengthened the life of the curl; it was before the days of permanent waving. Now M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., is showing the latest version of the Papillotte. It is known by the name of the oyster; it is about the size of a shilling, and consists of a wire covered and centred with silk net. There is a little clasp and it shuts up in the manner of an oyster—hence its name. They are 3d. each—in grey, brown, gold, and Titian; they are, indeed, essential to all who have had their hair curled.

What is Carrageen Moss?

A question that men as well as women are asking is, What is carrageen moss? Well, it is a new vegetable product found in Ireland which contains no starch and, as a consequence, delicacies made with it may be eaten with impunity by those who wish to be slender. It makes creams, sponges, and fruit moulds, and thickens hot drinks, soups, and sauces. Dried in its natural state it may be obtained from the Drug Department at Selfridge's, Oxford Street, but in the form of Gelozone it has gone into residence in the grocery department; it is from 1s. a tin. It is flavourless and can be used for sweets or savouries. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it is a pure and highly concentrated preparation containing the whole of the natural health-giving iodine, pectin, protein, and other valuable constituents of carrageen.



A HONEYCOMB CARDIGAN

Which may be easily knitted with Viyella knitting yarn. It is available in all the fashionable colours



C. 1252. A Corsetette in peach broché silk tricot top. Front is so cleverly cut and designed as to effect complete diaphragm and abdominal control without recourse to an underbelt. Price **59/-**

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Corsetry

Send for a copy of "The Modern Trend," illustrating "Court Royal" Models, and the name of nearest agent.

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**THE "LITTLE SUIT"
IN IRISH TWEEDS**

The "Little Suit" that is equally at home lunching at the Ritz or racing at Doncaster. Created by MARGARET BARRY in charming Tweeds exclusively designed for her.

The Fur-lined Top Coat anticipates the chill that comes with the Autumn winds. Warm, elegant and slim in line.

Margaret Barry LTD.

64 New Bond St., London, W.1.

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HATS: 18 Brock St., W.1.

CVS-14

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



LIEUT.-COMMANDER AND MRS.
B. J. FISHER

Who were married recently at Leatherhead. Lieut.-Commander Ben J. Fisher, of H.M.S. *Wallace*, is the only son of Mr. J. Herbert Fisher, M.B., B.S., F.R.G.S., and Mrs. Fisher, and his wife was formerly Miss Vera Christabel Caird Birse, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Birse of Helsingfors, Finland

that which takes place on the 7th at St. Michael's Church, Cornwood, South Devon, between Major R. O. Spencer-Smith, late the Hampshire Regiment, and Miss Christian Louisa Passy, the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. E. Passy.

Abroad.

On September 8, Mr. Godric Muntz and Miss Marjorie Statham are being married at St. Paul's Church, Wellington, New Zealand; Major J. A. L. Deane, Royal Artillery, and Miss E. Lauriston Lewis have fixed on October 28 for their wedding at Abbottabad, N. India; and at the end of October, Mr. Arthur Nutcombe Gould, M.C., the elder son of the late Mr. Owen Gould of Lustleigh, and of Mrs. Gould of Bovey Tracey, Devon, is marrying Miss Marjorie Iris Hancock, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hancock of The Manor House, Kempsey, Worcester, and the marriage will take place at Penang.

* * *
Next Month.

A quiet wedding in September is



MISS NORAH COULSON

The youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert H. G. Coulson of Alma Place, North Shields, and of Mrs. Coulson, whose engagement was announced last month to Dr. George Trevor Hankey of Wimpole Street

Recently Engaged.

Paymaster-Lieutenant J. K. Highton, Royal Navy, the son of Mr. J. H. Highton of Witton Hall, North Walsham, Norfolk, and Miss Eileen Metcalfe Flack, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Flack of Bacton House, Bacton, Norfolk; Mr. Arthur Henry Southby, the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs.

Arthur Southby of Aldern Bridge House, Newbury, and Miss Mary Olivia Melesina (Molly) Woodward, younger daughter of the late Colonel H. J. Woodward, Royal Munster Fusiliers, and Mrs. Woodward of Stanford-in-the-Vale, Berkshire; Lieut.-Com. John P. Wright, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. P. Wright of Coonoor, Exmouth, and Miss Ruth Adie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert W. Adie of Shortwood House, Budleigh Salterton, Devon; Mr. Alfred Basil

Miskin, Sudan Survey Department, and Miss Katharine Richardson, daughter of the Rev. E. T. and Mrs. Richardson of Capenhurst, Chester.



CAPTAIN J. H. DALY AND
MISS "PAT" IRVINE

Captain Daly, who is in the 9th Lancers, is a cousin of Mr. Bowes Daly, Joint Master of the Galway Hounds. Miss Irvine is a niece of Lady Muskerry. They became engaged recently

Entertainments à la Carte—cont. from p. 281

is Ian Fleming, whose flashlight awakens Elizabeth Arkell, in ornate bed and crêpe de chine nightdress. He is suave and flattering, but he wants the jewels; and has a technique of his own for getting them. Ian Fleming's weapon is a packet of faked letters of passion, written for the occasion to Elizabeth Arkell. If she screams, he will hide the letters awkwardly enough for them to be seen by the husband, and will then let himself be bullied into admission that they came from under her pillow. And if a lover's letters are kept under a wife's pillow, where has the writer been? You cannot call a policeman merely because wives have lovers; after all, the supply of constables is limited. Ian Fleming, though, misses the jewels, because of a neat climax.

Here, again, is the dingiest room of all, for *The Secret of Sensations*. An Italian prince, lover of a young French duchess, has wagered that he will bring her, after the opera, in diamonds and rubies and all, to the worst inn in the Paris slums. They are alone with two tables, a chair, and a frowsty divan. Shouts and oaths beyond the door. Ah, dooshess, you are frightened at last. The dooshess denies it, and claims never to be frightened. Ah, *carissima mia*, then you miss a lot. The prince dives into sadistic praise of fear as a thrill.

Take me home, prince, we have seen the place and that is enough. A shot beyond the door. Ah, dooshess, you are frightened. The dooshess says she is merely bored. A hump-back waiter, with writhing fingers, brings champagne and sidles out. Sinister, eh, sinister? suggests the prince. He describes how a famous beauty, who disappeared without trace months earlier, was murdered on this divan, and flung through the window into the Seine below. He drinks champagne, and

rhapsodizes over the brutalities done on that there divan. How, though, did the prince know about the famous beauty's murder? At long last the dooshess registers fear. The prince, claiming to be not a prince but a gang-leader, flings her on to the divan and rolls over her while grabbing her diamonds and rubies from neck and arms. Enter the hump-backed waiter with news that three sinister types are plotting to steal the jewels. It is the turn of the prince for frantic fear. He wants to escape by the

window, whereupon the duchess picks up a knife and stabs him smartly in the back. Enter the sinister types. Drawing conclusions about the duchess, they give her half the prince's money, as fair does, and claim the rest for clearing up her mess. Exit the duchess, faltering.

Petrol Vapour
(Continued from p. 300)

Hot Stuff.

Amongst the latest new models to make their appearance—it was only announced and visible last week—is the much improved M.G. Midget. In two-seater form, providing plenty of room and an ideal driving position, even for the likes of an outside like myself, and as snappy a little outfit as ever you saw; it costs just ten shillings under the couple of hundred pounds—and it does a really and truly eighty miles an hour. That is an achievement of which British industry has good reason to be proud. If any other country produces anything comparable to this in the speed line I should like to know which it is. The extra ten miles an hour—I reckon the previous Midget was good for seventy—has chiefly been got by a new design of cylinder head, having the inlet manifold on one side and the exhaust on the other. Also there are two carburettors. For "all-out" work the screen folds flat down over the bonnet, but the dash is so shaped that the passengers get plenty of protection.



Howard Barrett

AT THE BELVOIR PONY CLUB SPORTS

Sir Charles Welby, Mr. G. Henderson, and Sir Alfred Welby at this interesting and amusing function in the park of Belvoir Castle. These Pony Clubs are doing excellent work all over the country. Sir Alfred Welby is an uncle of Sir Charles and at one time commanded The Greys



By Appointment

GRACEFUL SIMPLICITY is characteristic of all Burberry creations, and in these new designs Burberry designers emphasize the point in a very charming and intriguing way. To ensure distinction, all Burberry models, whether for Town, Country, Sport or Travel, are created in rich quality fabrics—woven exclusively for Burberrys' use.

These and other illustrations of styles, together with patterns of materials and prices, gladly sent on mention of "The Tatler."

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Nothing could be simpler or more satisfactory than a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER home treatment. It is a carefully balanced scheme of cleansing, nourishing and refining to which your skin responds at once. Devote a few minutes each day to this rational and scientific method of skin care and you will soon see very definite results.

First cleanse your face with LUXURIA to remove every atom of buried dust and grime from the pores. Massage with SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER, a rich, clear cream that feeds and rebuilds the underlying tissues and tones up the muscles. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTÉ Skin Tonic, and lastly, smooth in a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM to whiten and refine the surface and give your complexion the final charm of transparency and delicacy of texture.

LUXURIA... foundation of all beauty 2/3, 4/7, 8/6, 11/9
EAU DE BEAUTÉ 4/7, 8/-
SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER and
BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM 4/7, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-
Stocked by the leading Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.

Visit the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, W.1, and obtain expert advice.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

Polo Notes—continued from p. 274

The gist of the following letter from a valued correspondent has been produced in these notes before, but I think that it is now very opportune to publish his communication *in extenso*, particularly because he happens to be someone who knows what he is talking about:

I read your Polo Notes with the greatest interest each week; and more power to your elbow in urging the lethargic British temperament to think about the next American contest *now* instead of leaving everything until the time is actually on us and we have to collect the ponies and find a team by our time-honoured method of "muddling through."

There is one thing in your articles which makes me a little uneasy—and that is your remarks about our climate! You quite justifiably point out that we are trying to play an Eastern game in our moist and misty Western Island; and you reiterate the number of wet week-ends which we have had this summer and rather rub in how short a polo season we can ever hope for. This to point your contention that the only way to compete with a country with the grounds which America can call on, is to send our team abroad for its training. Now this may be quite true, but it is very discouraging to English polo! Is it safe to let our players and prospective players realize how short the London season is, and what terrible interruptions they may expect from our climate? I have the future of polo (as I know you have) very much at heart, believing that no sport, except hunting, and no other game can hold a candle to it. I fully realize our difficulties, the expense of the game in these hard times, and our dependence on weather (though as a matter of fact it is one of the only games you can enjoy when it is raining!). And so I think we should rather gloze over the drawbacks of our climate and encourage our players to keep going and make every effort to get young recruits to take it up.

But returning to our next contest with America. I do not think that the full import of the Beaufort Polo Club has been realized, and the use that may be made of the organization there.

We perhaps forget that rain also falls on Long Island (the International matches were put off for weeks on account of wet weather a few years ago, if I remember rightly), and

California and Miami are a long way from New York. America herself has no such polo outfit as this club with *eleven* polo grounds, several of them admitted by judges like Pat Roark and Laddie Sanford to be the best in the world; and all this, with ample stabling, a bare 1½ hours' railway journey from London.

It may be impossible to send an International team to Cannes to train, and I have known the Cannes grounds to be laid up for a whole fortnight through wet weather. But it would be possible to send a stud of International ponies to the Beaufort Club to be trained and schooled and conditioned under the expert management of Captain Kingscote and Mr. Thomasson, who did so well with the stud in 1930, and the players assembled three days a week, winter or summer.

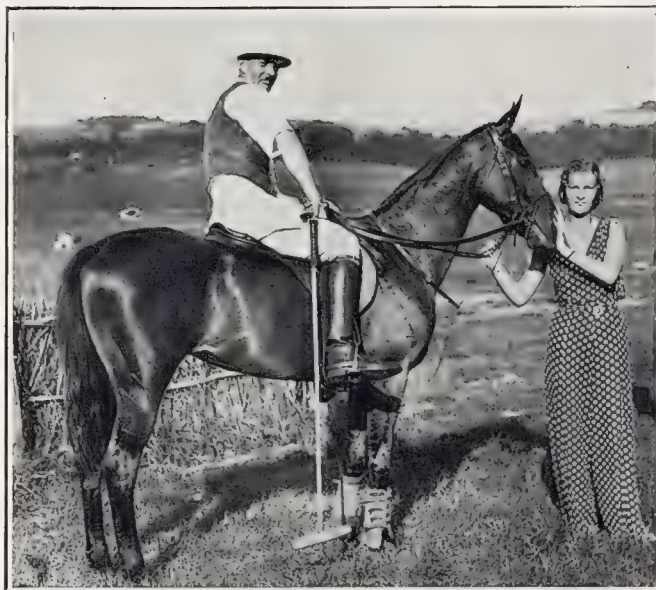
There are very few days through the winter, except, of course, during a hard frost, when play would not be possible on these grounds, and the rapidity with which they dry must be seen to be believed. It would surprise most people to know that even during the late deplorable summer of 1930, and in the whole course of our long season (five months, April to September inclusive), play was only cancelled on six days. Bert Cox has always thought, with you, that two of our principal difficulties in contending for the Cup are climate and lack of grounds—the Beaufort Club is his effort to overcome them.

If these suggestions interest you, make what use you like of this letter. You have always shown yourself a man of ideas, and have spurred us on before.

EVE AT GOLF—cont. from p. 258

if the partner of your choice only hits the ball 150 yards with a full drive she will have a handicap to match, and better 150 yards down the middle each time and never a missed shot than 250 alternating with the Beverley Brook or a bandstand. No matter if her long putts never seem to drop, better a succession which leaves you nothing to do with the next than the feeling that, if she has a day on, everything will go down, but if not, heaven help you.

Am I suggesting a stodgy-sounding partner? Would you say that one crowded round of glorious life . . . Or is there more thrill in getting through seven rounds and engraving your name upon those "By-stander" cups with all their long line of great ones? Believe me, you do not do that without a sufficiency of thrills on the way.



THE POLO GAME AT POURVILLE

Captain Rowland Spencer and his daughter, Miss D. Spencer. Holiday polo, both at home and abroad, usually gets going after Goodwood. The ground at Pourville is quite good of its kind

STYMIED!

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THREE STAR
SPECIAL RESERVE
Scotland's Choicest
Standard Blend

Crawford's
LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY

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OLD LIQUEUR
For very Special
Occasions

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MR. E. G. RIDDETT-LOWE,

Director of "Modern Games," writes:—

"AT times of nerve strain I found Phosferine a superb 'stand-by,' which renewed my energy so much after taking it that I now feel, and look, rejuvenated. My nerves were almost 'dead beat,' and I could not have carried on my work—frequently from 6 a.m. until midnight—without Phosferine. An eminent banker baronet warned me I would 'crack up,' and advised me to 'take Phosferine.' I then felt much too nervy and worn out to drive a car, but by taking Phosferine my nerves improved so much that now I drive confidently in any traffic. I really bank on Phosferine—it provides a great reserve of vitality and energy."

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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

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Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.



WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the Public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



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Health means happiness, as every mother knows, and the healthy baby makes the happy mother—Cow & Gate accomplishes this.

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"The Best Milk for Babies when Natural Feeding Fails"



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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

There is a lull at present in championship shows while everyone is holiday-making. The only championship show in August is a specialist one, the Northern Alsatian Club on August 20. The season opens again with Brighton Show on September 7. Meanwhile there are many smaller shows all over the country; these are usually delightful outings and the class of dogs at them very good indeed. No one who is interested in dogs and dog shows need "go without" during August; there are sure to be several small shows within reach. The Field Trial season also has begun with the pointer and setter trials held in North Ireland, Wales, and Scotland.

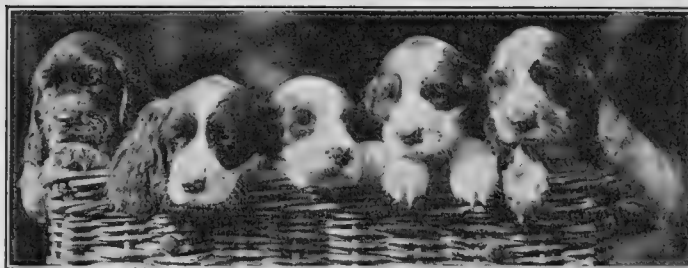
The Great Dane has been a good deal in the public eye lately; we have all seen the wonderful displays of obedience given by these dogs. The Great Dane has been known in this country for many years, and we older ones remember the beautiful dogs shown by Mrs. Horsfall in the old days at our Shows at the Botanical Gardens. He is a most splendid dog to look at, and those who know him well say that his character is in accord with his appearance.



PAPILLON

The property of Madame Oosterveen

Mrs. Booker has a select kennel of these dogs at her home in Hornsey Lane. She writes: "I have two lovely dog puppies for sale by the famous Ch. Ruffler of Ouborough ex my Thelma of Ouborough, who has won over sixty prizes. I have also an eight-months' fawn bitch for sale, a beauty, inoculated and house-trained. Few people realize how easy these dogs are to keep in town, as they are so clever and docile, and their short coats make them easy to groom. They are excellent guards as their size and deep bark scare off unwelcome people, and yet I have never known one to snap. I have always found them ideal with children, as they are so good-natured." Mrs. Booker will be pleased to show her puppies by appointment.



COCKER PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Fytche

puppies, and shows what delightful dogs they will become.

The papillon has been recognized on the Continent for many years, but it is only since the War that there have been many in England. Their admirers claim that they were well known in the Middle Ages, and papillons appear in many portraits of that date. Anyway, they are charming little dogs with delightful ways, and very intelligent. Madame Oosterveen is one of the best-known judges and breeders of papillons. She sends a picture of a twelve-months old dog she has for sale, descended from her imported dog. She also has another one twelve months old, two eight months old, and some three months old for sale. As Madame Oosterveen is overstocked she will take very moderate prices to good homes.

Letters to be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



GREAT DANES

The property of Mrs. Booker

I am 45 years of age



Now I look 25

When I looked at myself I realised that the usual aids to beauty were powerless to revive my looks. To smooth away the forming wrinkles, pouches over and under my eyes, to restore the vanishing contour of cheek, chin, and neck, I decided to put myself in the hands of the greatest living specialist in the world to-day on the subject of facial treatment.

A week afterwards I had put the clock back 20 years.

I am so enthusiastic over it that I have decided to give the opportunity of seeing the result of this marvellous process on my own face at the Hystogen Consulting Rooms, 40 Baker Street, London, W. 1—an entirely free interview by special appointment. If unable to call, write for literature.

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you feel weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Take Kutnow's Powder regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

WEIRD STORIES



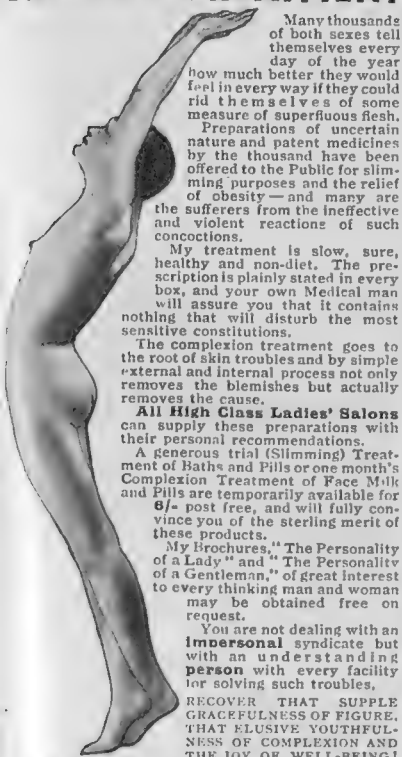
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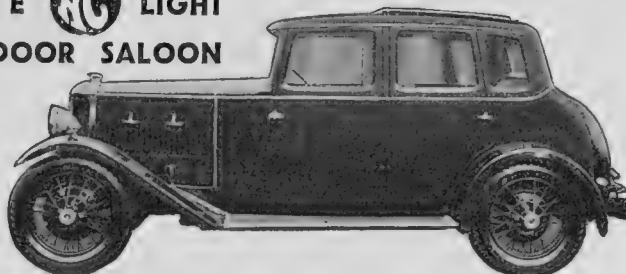
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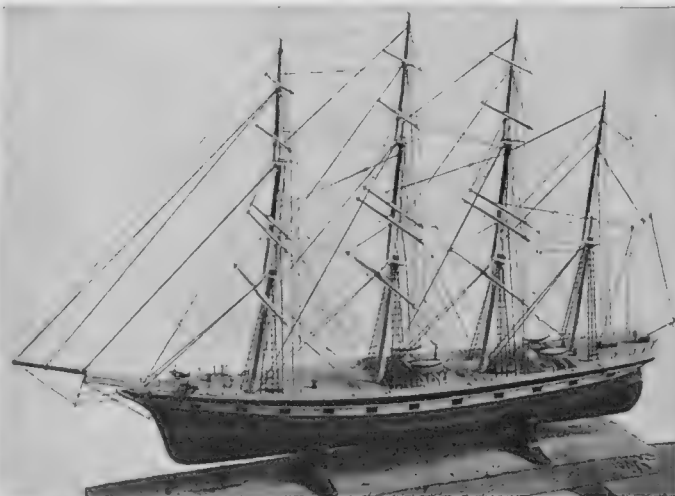
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MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylae" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, are being made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). All reproductions of "Thermopylae" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium. Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

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PICTURES FROM THE COUNTRY-SIDE



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AT NORTH BERWICK: CAPTAIN THE
HON. E. A. FITZROY AND MRS. FITZROY



Balmain
ALSO: MISS JULIA DUTTON ON THE
HIGH CHUTE



Howard Barrett
AT THE OXTON FÊTE: MISS FARR (and her winners)
AND MAJOR HUGH HOLE

It may have been a bit cooler up North last week than it was in London, which was like a frying pan, but not so very much so, excepting perhaps at breezy North Berwick, where the Speaker and his wife were amongst the large floating population. Miss Julia Dutton is a daughter of Admiral the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Dutton, the brother and sister-in-law of Lord Sherborne. Miss Farr won a first with her beautiful borzois at the Oxtion Fête and Show. Major Hugh Hole is a son of the late Dean Hole of Rochester



AN A.C. CAR AT THE SCOTTISH RALLY

Mr. W. A. E. Hurlock, managing director of A.C. Cars, Ltd., and his crew snapped in Edinburgh during the recent Scottish motor rally. But for failing at the kerb test Mr. Hurlock would have got fourth place for a certainty

paternal grandfather belonged to an old county family; but her father was a waster and eventually became a commercial traveller, and this technically debarred her from some funds available for gentlewomen. She pays only 5s. for the rent of her little room, as her landlady is also a friend who is extraordinarily kind to her. The Friends of the Poor want to give her a small allowance and coal for next winter. £10 is needed.

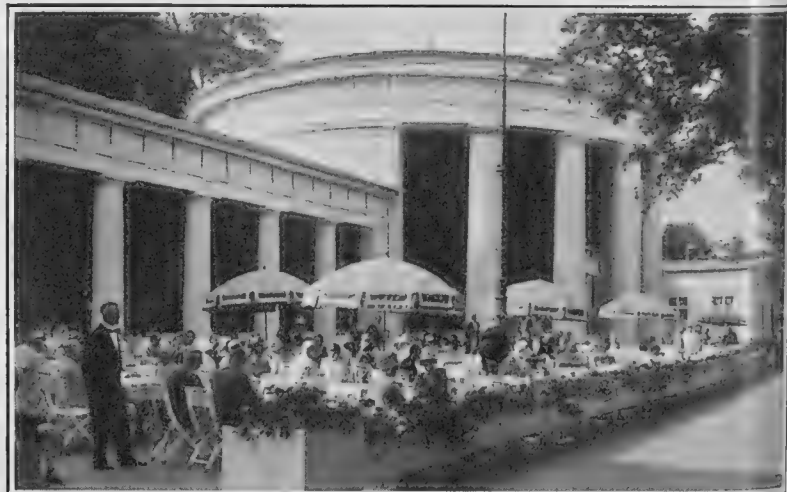
Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), already known to the Romans as a spa on account of its sulphur springs, was the centre point of European history at the time of Charlemagne. The first Holy Roman Empire ruled the Occidental world from here. Charlemagne built here his splendid palace on whose foundations have risen the town hall and the Imperial Chapel, whose octagonal edifice is now the centre point of the venerable cathedral. The marble chair still remains there, in which

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, appeal for funds to help a lonely woman who has undergone three operations for cancer, and at different times of her life both her knees have been fractured. In spite of all this she has supported herself until recently by needlework and knitting. She is unmarried and in late middle life. Now she can earn very little indeed, for she suffers acutely from neuritis in her arms. She comes of a good family: her

the first Frankish Kaiser used to attend the church services, and which thereafter thirty-two German kings and queens used as a throne at their coronations. Many memories of the past are still conserved concretely in Aachen. Gates and towers call the Middle Ages to one's mind. The treasure chamber of the minster hides priceless jewels dedicated by the pious minds of those periods. Aachen is one of the oldest places of culture in Germany, and is easy to reach as it is the railway junction of the neighbouring countries of France, Luxembourg, Holland, and Belgium.

Aachen has an international reputation for curing gout, rheumatism, and nervous diseases. The spa establishment, laid out in war-time, satisfies the most fastidious taste. A row of hotels, at whose peak stands the Quellenhof, give comfortable and cheap holidays. Entertainment is fully catered for. Art collections, theatres and concerts, and social gatherings give an abundance of spiritual recreation. The sportsman has an ideal golf course, and there are tennis courts and pigeon (clay) shooting. Aachen also is a good starting point for the neighbouring Ardennes and Eifel mountains.



THE SPRING OF ELISE AT AACHEN (AIX-LA-CHAPELLE)

This beautiful and historical health resort is referred to in detail in a more extended note on this page

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"The elephant rolled like a boat on a wind-less ground swell, and the sun beat down like hot brass. There was neither road nor trace of human footstep. The mahout, who was more than half-asleep, allowed the elephant to choose his own way in the general direction of the rock-ribbed hills. Chullunder Ghose sat upright underneath a black umbrella, because he could not otherwise, with any comfort, hold the thing between his fat face and the sun. Larry O'Hara sat on the other side of the howdah, also upright, because anything whatever interested him. He had the kind of blue-grey eyes that only sleep at night, and even then as trigger-lightly as a watch-dog's.

"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of



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**TALLULAH
BANKHEAD
GIVEN AWAY**
with this issue

"Look here, old girl, I've been thinking it over and if you really insist I'm prepared to do all I possibly can to help you. . . ."

All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shame-faced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents. . . ."

A good Society story by George Froxfield—"AZALEA ABDICATES" . . . a rather risky experiment in matrimonial strategy.

Get it at the Bookstall as you go on holiday

him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara.

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove . . ."

"CASE THIRTEEN" by Talbot Mundy proves that a little play acting is a useful thing, even in the Secret Service. A gripping story for an afternoon on holiday.

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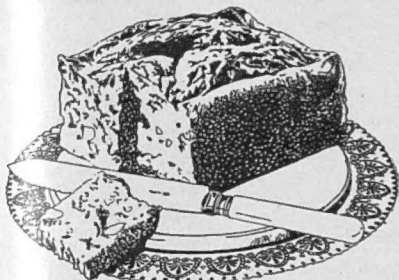
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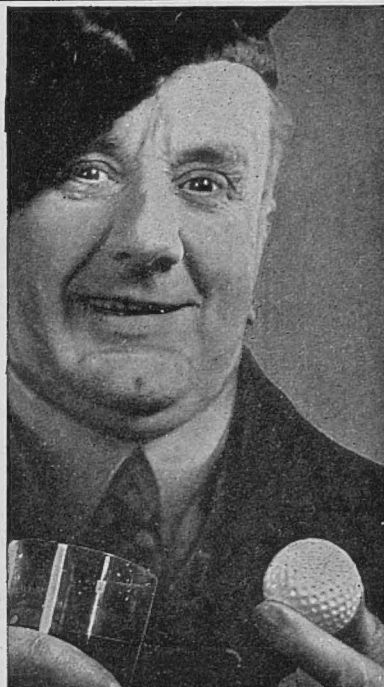
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